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JANUARY 21, 1952

Report on SAO PAULO:
BOOM CITY OF BRAZIL

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LIX NO. 3

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LETTERS

Modern Barbary Pirates

Sir:

I'm angry! Re the payment of ransom for the release of our flyers (TIME, Dec. 31), let me quote: "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute."

... This is nothing but blackmail, and could well be the beginning of another Barbary Pirate Affair... If I were imprisoned under such circumstances... I would rather spend a year in jail than to have the U.S. spend one cent in ransom.

THOMAS F. LERCH
Lieutenant, U.S.N.

Great Lakes, Ill.

Sir:

... I am flying the American flag upside down today...

Since when is the life of any American... worth the shame that has this day befallen a once-free U.S.?

S. OSBORN BALL

Provincetown, Mass.

Cheers & Fare

Sir:

Three cheers for the new department. Personality story on Groucho Marx (Dec. 31) is indeed a nifty job. Lead-off feature is a home run; it helps make a great magazine even greater.

ISRAEL GOODMAN

Louisville

Sir:

... Such superficial treatment may be satisfactory in covering personalities like

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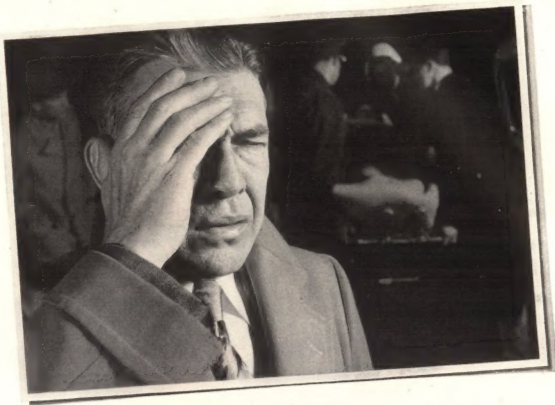
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January 21, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 3

TIME, JANUARY 21, 1952



"DON'T LET HER DIE"

A man needs a lot of help — in trouble like this

"I prayed as I had never prayed before, 'Please don't let her die.' And I prayed for myself and my family, too. Whatever happened, I was to blame for my carelessness.

"It's hard to call yourself a 'killer,' just because you failed to realize that a wet road could lead to a skid, two bashed-in cars, and a woman lying on the road. You hope you'll wake up from a bad dream, but then you hear the wailing siren . . .

"It took two delicate brain operations and weeks of expensive hospital care before she was out of danger. I can't forgive myself for causing her all that suffering . . . but I'll always be grateful that I had enough insurance to take care of my obligations as a responsible driver, and to protect my family and me."

Suppose you were to blame in a serious accident like this? Would you have enough bodily injury insurance? Many people do not carry enough to cover their responsibilities in a case like this. Additional protection costs surprisingly little and might save you from the loss of your home, your savings and part of your income for years to come.

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Groucho Marx, but it is a sad substitute for Time's past detailed studies of important persons.

The announcement that Time is going outside the news field for its writers also has an ominous ring . . .

TOM POWELL

Dunmore, Pa.

Sir:

The picture of me on the cover of Time has changed my entire life. Where formerly my hours were spent playing golf and chasing girls, I now while away the days loitering around Beverly Hills' largest newsstand, selling copies of the Dec. 31 issue of Time at premium prices . . . Yesterday, despite the fact that it was raining, I made \$13. This is all tax free, for I steal the copies of Time while the owner of the newsstand is out eating lunch . . .

GROUCHO MARX

Los Angeles

Wrong Face

Sir:

The gentleman pictured by Time [Dec. 31] as Maurice Hutcheson, son and successor to the president of the Brotherhood of Carpen-



HUTCHESON

BRETZMAN

ters and Joiners, is actually Martin Ashton Hutcheson, Richmond lawyer and leading opponent of Virginia's Byrd Machine . . .

JOSEPH H. HARRISON JR.

Richmond

¶ Herewith the photos of Hutcheson and Hutchinson, and Time's apologies.
—ED.

Retorts on Sweden

Sir:

The report on Sweden [TIME, Dec. 31] seems unfair, tactless, self-defeating . . .

It attributes sophistication and vice to social security and to alleged lack of tragedy or misery—ignoring the notorious slimy spots of Paris, Berlin, and U.S. metropolitan cities . . .

It complains of regimentation by "socialists," yet admits that the Social Democratic policy has nationalized only a few industries, is cautious, and has no strenuous opposition . . .

Just such snappish judgments by big-shot Americans . . . make the U.S. suspect or unpopular even among our most traditional and needed friends.

THOMAS D. ELIOT
Professor of Sociology

Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

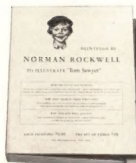
Hats off for a penetrating report which should dispel many popular misconceptions about the "paradise of the Middle Way." Having recently spent a year in Stockholm,

TIME, JANUARY 21, 1952

THIS \$20 box of Norman Rockwell's paintings is YOURS

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if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *now*



BECAUSE we are offering you a \$20 set of Norman Rockwell's paintings as an inducement to obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *at this time*, we had better tell you something about them:

In the first place, they are *not* the original paintings in oil! If you are in position to pay several thousands of dollars to obtain one of Norman Rockwell's original oils, you won't want these facsimiles.

For they are facsimiles. Yet we will wager that, even after examining them, you wouldn't recognize them as such.

They are created by several unusual processes. They are in full color; and they are on heavy board-canvases such as oil painters use; and their surfaces are moulded into the actual brush-strokes.

Facsimiles have been created in this fashion before, of some of Norman Rockwell's famous paintings: notably his paintings of *The Four Freedoms*. We would present *those* to you, if we could! But we can't, for the right to reproduce them doesn't belong to us. However, we do have the right to reproduce Norman Rockwell's paintings made to illustrate *Tom Sawyer*; for they were made for the now-famous Heritage edition of the book.

WE HAVE NOW TAKEN three of them (the original oils are in the possession of the Mark Twain Museum) and have created facsimiles which are four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each is twelve inches across by sixteen inches long! Each will be sold in the shops for \$6.95; the set of three will be sold for \$20.

But we will give you a complete set, free, *FREE! gracieusement, GRATIS!*—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club at this time. Why?

WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE, we have persuaded the mills which produce our fine papers to increase their allotment to us—with the result that, of six of our recent publications, we have obtained from the printers about a thousand extra copies. So, in the second place, we have decided to take in one thousand new members: to try the Club with these six books.

But we want to enroll this limited number of people with an even more limited expenditure: by offering this irresistible inducement to you, to become one of these new members. If you do, you will obtain six beautiful, *beautiful* books—at the same price as ordinary rental library fiction.

YOU WILL obtain a copy of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé* illuminated by Valenti Angelo; *War and Peace* by Tolstoy, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg and Vasily Verestchagin; *Great Expectations* by Dickens, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone; *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* in one colorful volume; *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon* illustrated by Gordon Ross; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the water-colors by Blake.

Or, if any of these books should not be of interest to you, you may choose substitutions out of a long list.



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A prospectus is now ready. You are invited to send for a copy. One of the remaining Trial Memberships will then be reserved for you—and also a set of the Norman Rockwell facsimiles. Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered. The coupon below enables you to put this statement to the test:

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we can testify to the stereotyped arguments on foreign policy ("as if the whole country had been briefed"); to the "invisible wall" that separates many Swedes from one another (and from foreign visitors); and to the apparent placidity of life that covers up intense discontent . . .

DANKWART A. RUSTOW

RACHEL L. RUSTOW
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Sir:

. . . I could have cabled you more from my bathtub in New York . . .

RICHARD KOHNSTAMM

New York City

Sir:

Although I have some objections to . . . this article, I must congratulate its author . . . In surprisingly many respects he has managed to hit the nail on the head.

However, I am afraid the impression of Sweden a reader will derive will be a rather strange and misleading one . . .

As to our attitude towards NATO . . . I will only remind readers in the U.S. that there is quite a difference between having a whole ocean on each side between yourself and the villain and being his next-door neighbor! . . .

Are we happy or not? Well, in spite of our strong cooperative movement, we have not yet started trying to create collective happiness. That is still a thing left to the individual to find for himself in his very own way, and I guess that in this undertaking we are as successful (or unsuccessful) as most other peoples . . .

SVEN-ÅKE OLSOON

Malmö, Sweden

On the Fence

Sir:

IN YOUR ISSUE OF DEC. 17 YOU MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT: "NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN HOWARD STEPHENS IS PUBLICLY FOR STASSEN." THIS IS A MISSTATEMENT. I HAVE NOT DECLARED AS YET FOR ANY CANDIDATE FOR 1952 . . .

HOWARD V. STEPHENS

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN
FOR THE STATE OF MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS

Resignation on Principle

Sir:

Congratulations on the article "According to Hoiles" in TIME, Dec. 31. It summed up nicely the excitement and perturbation which the advent of "Freedom Newspapers" and their archaic editorial policies have brought to the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas.

But you slipped on one fact . . . Toward the close of the article the statement was made that "Hoiles fired the three editors who had stayed on when he bought the papers."

That is incorrect. For nearly six years, I was editor of the *Valley Morning Star* . . . I was not fired. Unable to stomach the new owner's editorial policies, I resigned . . .

EDWIN W. PRYOR

Harlingen, Texas

Better Blazon

Sir:

. . . You refer to the newest addition to the Truman Administration escutcheon as "mink coat couchant" (TIME, Dec. 31).

Couchant, hell, you mean rampant.

JAMES B. L. RUSH

Winston-Salem, N.C.

¶ And headed for a drink at a bar sinister?—ED.

TIME, JANUARY 21, 1952

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

When Piero Saporiti first began thinking about his career in Italy more than 20 years ago, he decided that "the only profession retaining some romance, individuality and personal initiative" was journalism. The intervening years have not changed that opinion. This month Saporiti becomes our first fulltime correspondent in Madrid (and brings the number of TIME's overseas bureaus to 15).

Saporiti was in Portugal when he first started as a



stringer (part-time correspondent) for TIME in the spring of 1946. Before that he had been free-lancing for Reuters, United Feature Syndicate and *France Presse*, as well as writing a weekly syndicated column for the Portuguese press. His first major assignment for TIME was filing background material for the cover story on Portuguese Premier Salazar (TIME, July 22, 1946).

Late that year Saporiti moved to the French Riviera, then staging a comeback as the playground of the international set. There he showed a talent for cultivating key people, like the private detective who helped him identify visitors traveling incognito. Three years ago he moved to Spain. There he has covered such varied assignments as the anti-Franco activities of Spanish monarchists, including the colorful Duchess of Valencia; the visits of a U.S. Navy squadron and Jordan's King Abdullah; Barcelona's general strike over high living costs and the subsequent government clamp-down on the strikers; the controversy in Avila over the birthplace of St. Teresa and Professor Sidney Sufrin's recently-completed mission to study Spain's economy for the ECA.

Some of Saporiti's major difficulties as a jour-



nalist have grown out of TIME stories which found official disfavor in Spain, sometimes resulting in confiscation of the magazine. He has twice been brought to police headquarters, and once had his press credentials suspended for two months, but, says Saporiti, "The authorities never accused me of inaccuracy."

While working on the St. Teresa story last fall, he received a cable asking

him to locate and interview Gypsy Rose Lee, reported to be in Barcelona. After hours of trying to find her by telephone, he was told she had left for Paris. He wired the Paris office and, with a huge sigh of relief, resumed his work on the St. Teresa story. But Paris is wired back, saying Gypsy was still in Spain. Dialing number after num-

ber, and talking to almost every tipster he knew, he finally located her, registered under her husband's Spanish name at a Madrid hotel—only a few blocks away from his own apartment.

On one occasion, Saporiti's ingenuity

backfired. To interview the nuns at the strictly-cloistered convent of Las Huelgas, he brought along his wife (the former Jocelyn Bush of Boston), because he expected to be denied admission. It turned out that he was able to get into the convent, by special permission, but that no woman other than a nun is permitted to enter. His wife waited outside for two hours in the cold.

Madrid's leisurely pace, Saporiti finds, means less leisure for him. His mornings start with a two-hour bout with Spanish newspapers. ("Local journalism," he explains, "is based on a challenge: 'Find the facts if you can, reader.'") At 11, he is joined by an assistant, Eric Ericson, of Kokomo, Ind. They telephone news sources and write until lunch time, after which Spaniards of any repute can be located only in their favorite coffee-houses.

"After six years of the most excit-

ing experience of my journalistic life," writes Saporiti, "I believe the essence of reporting for TIME is a continuous curiosity about facts and people, a zest for accuracy, a flair for news sensibility, trends, understanding the other man's feelings and some sense of humor."

With such an outlook, TIME's newest bureau is off to a good start.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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He finally realized that the was more than

His doctor's check-up and prompt treatment rapidly

At first, it seemed to be a bruise.

It started when he bumped his ankle against the bedroom chair one night in the dark. He expected no more than the usual tender spot for a day or so. But when a few weeks had passed and the "bruise" had become progressively worse, he became somewhat concerned. At the end of 3 months it was ugly and moist. Then he was really afraid—and convinced that the sore on his leg was much more than just a bruise.

Finally, he decided to see his physician for a check-up. After a thorough examination, the doctor told him that he had a skin ulcer—an open sore that might persist for months, or even years.

Sores of this kind could also come from poor circulation, an

allergy, or possibly an infection. On the other hand, the condition might be caused by a disease of the skin itself. Only your doctor can determine the cause of your particular trouble. And only your doctor can prescribe the correct treatment to remedy the condition.

Avoid self-diagnosis

Don't try to diagnose your own trouble. Experimenting with "cure-alls" can be dangerous. When a sore persists, play safe and see your doctor. It will cost you less in the long run.

Recent medical discoveries and developments have given today's physician a completely new outlook on the treatment

Physiologic Therapeutics Through Bioresearch For Longer Useful Living





*sore on his leg
just a bruise*

found the cause
healed his skin ulcer

of skin ulcers. For example, doctors have found that the use of enzymes such as Tryptar in treating ulcers, and even gangrene, often promotes healing in an amazingly short time. Today many people who would have suffered months or even years from ugly skin ulcers can hope for rapid recovery.

Act intelligently

If you have an open sore that shows no signs of healing, make an appointment today to see your doctor. If you don't have a family physician, get one now. Let him look you over, tell you what to do to clear up this condition. He can put your mind at ease, guard your health—if you'll let him.

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That's when your wares could be a BUY on the minds of 3½-million better-income families!

May we tell you more?



MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Henry R. Luce
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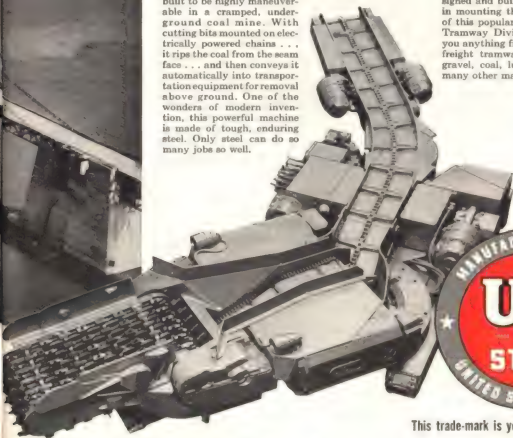


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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

State of the Union

President Truman flapped open his leather notebook, and began in his usual flat tone to read his message to Congress on the State of the Union. When he finished 45 minutes later, he had made little news. The U.S. must continue to stand fast against world Communism, with military power and with economic aid to friends in Europe and Asia. More specifically, it must push through an honorable armistice in Korea, act on the Japanese Peace Treaty, complete a network of Pacific security pacts, and help integrate the German Federal Republic into the defense scheme of Western Europe. On the domestic front, Truman soft-pedaled the Fair Deal, concentrated on defense.

Highlights of the message:

¶ "This will be a presidential election year . . . But we have a great responsibility to conduct our political fights in a manner that does not harm the national interest."

¶ "In Korea, the forces of the United Nations turned back the Chinese Communist invasion . . . We strengthened the chances of peace in the Pacific region by the treaties with Japan . . . In Europe . . . the free nations have created a real fighting force . . ."

¶ "During this past year, we added more than a million men & women to our armed forces . . . We have made rapid progress in the field of atomic weapons . . . Economic conditions in the country are good . . . We are increasing our basic capacity to produce . . ."

¶ "The grim fact remains that the Soviet Union is increasing its armed might . . . During 1951 we did not make adequate progress in building up civil defense against atomic attack . . . In the field of defense production we have run into difficulties . . . In the Middle East, political tensions and the oil controversy in Iran are keeping the region in a turmoil. In the Far East, the dark threat of Communist imperialism still hangs over many nations."

¶ He made a strong plea for Point Four aid to Asia: "Less than one-third the expenditures for the cost of World War II would have created the developments necessary to feed the whole world, so we would not have had 'stomach Communism' . . . Unless we fight that battle, and win it, we cannot win the cold war or a hot one, either."



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE SCOTT
For Harry Truman, a new favorite.

¶ On domestic policy he proposed 1) a stepped-up defense program with the accent on the Air Force, 2) a strong anti-inflation law, 3) revision, not repeal, of the Taft-Hartley act, 4) another study of the health-insurance problem.

Near the end of his speech, Truman tenderly fingered another Fair Deal sore point. "Some dishonest people," he said, "worm themselves into almost every human organization. It is all the more shocking, however, when they make their way into a Government such as ours . . . I intend to see to it that federal employees who have been guilty of misconduct are punished for it."

With different ideas in mind, both Republicans and Democrats applauded this particular passage.

THE PRESIDENCY

Freshman History

Harry Truman, who often says that Bob Taft is his favorite Republican candidate for 1952, found another one that he likes even better: General Winfield Scott, hero of the War with Mexico.

With a disarming show of sympathy for General Eisenhower, Truman called the attention of his press conference last week to Scott's resounding defeat in 1852

at the hands of Democrat Franklin Pierce. Truman's reference to the Scott-Pierce campaign came in answer to a reporter's question as to what Truman thought of a military man in the presidency.

The question reflected one of the most widely voiced objections to Eisenhower. The yatter against a military man in the White House seems to include these assumptions:

1) There is an American tradition against generals in the presidency.

2) Military men are likely to be belligerent in foreign affairs, like Napoleon, and dictatorial at home, like Caesar.

The supposed American tradition is not a tradition, but an accident of 20th century U.S. history. Military men do not usually come to the fore in time of peace, and the U.S. fought no major war between 1865 and 1917. The result is that there were no generals among the nine 20th century Presidents, or among their defeated major party opponents. In fact, there are only five veterans among the nine 20th century Presidents and their eleven defeated opponents: Major William McKinley (Civil War), Colonel Theodore Roosevelt (Spanish-American War), Lieut. Alfred Landon (World War I), Captain Wendell Willkie (World War I) and Captain Harry Truman (World War I).

Of the 24 Presidents before Teddy Roosevelt, nine were generals—Washington, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Benjamin Harrison. Five other generals were the defeated candidates of major parties. The political careers of all 14 were helped more than hurt by their military reputations.

Best of the military Presidents was George Washington, who intended to make a career of the service, but got disgusted at lack of British recognition. After six years of active service and 13 years of retirement, he went back into uniform in 1774 and stayed in it until 1783.

Andrew Jackson's pre-presidential fame was almost entirely as a general. So was William Henry ("Old Tippecanoe") Harrison's. Zachary Taylor was a professional soldier who had never voted. Franklin Pierce, who beat Winfield Scott, was a citizen-soldier like Harry Truman, but his war record was not nearly so good as Truman's. He enlisted as a private in the Mexican War, and President Polk, an old friend, promptly promoted him to brigadier-general. Pierce fell off his horse, sprained his knee and fainted at the battle

of Contreras, fainted again the next day at the battle of Churubusco. No less a writer than Nathaniel Hawthorne (another old friend) said this showed how America's battles were won—by the valor and dash of citizen-soldiers rather than stuffy professionals like Scott.

Scott had a good record in the War of 1812, and his victories ended the Mexican War. Between times, he had achieved several brilliant diplomatic successes, including two occasions when he arrested war with Canada. Scott was beaten not because he was a soldier, but because he was the candidate of the Whig Party, which was splitting asunder at the time. Probably no candidate could have saved it in 1852, or thereafter.

Scott had some other defects as a candidate. In a hard-drinking country, he favored the abolition of hard liquor. He had written a tract on the subject in 1821, and in 1832 he made drunken soldiers dig graves, as a warning of where they were headed. He lost the Irish vote because he had executed some Irish deserters in Mexico, and he lost the anti-Catholic vote because one of his daughters was a nun.

Scott's defeat was never a matter of great regret, but Pierce's election was. The citizen-soldier pursued a reckless and aggressive foreign policy in an effort to wrest Cuba from Spain.

Abraham Lincoln, captain of Illinois volunteers in the Black Hawk War of 1832, supported Professional Soldier Scott in the campaign of 1852.

Grant, usually regarded as a poor President, was a professional soldier, although (like Washington), he was out of the Army between wars. His faults were not those associated with Caesarism. His troubles arose from trusting friends who turned out to be crooks—a situation which Harry Truman got himself into without benefit of professional military training.

Hayes, Garfield and Benjamin Harrison were Civil War citizen-generals whose administrations were unmarred by internal authoritarianism and foreign aggression.

The U.S. has never got into a war when one of its nine general-presidents was in the White House. As for dictatorship, the loudest accusations on this score were raised against civilians John Adams, Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt.

If Harry Truman ever has the leisure to extend his historical research beyond the details of history to the broad spirit and meaning of it, he might find that the U.S. has always been and is now strongly anti-militarist, in the sense that it is against a military state. This has never been taken to mean that military men are barred or tainted as candidates for political office. Americans are aware of defects in "the military mind" just as they are of "the legal mind" and "the political mind." What matters is the individual, not his profession. Nobody really holds it against Harry Truman that he used to be a haberdasher, although a few people have pointed out that he wasn't a very good haberdasher.

THE CONGRESS

New Leader

On the first day of the session, G.O.P. Senators quietly elected a new floor leader to succeed Nebraska's late Senator Kenneth Wherry. Their choice, by a vote of 26 to 15: New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, whom Bob Taft and other Republican Senators had agreed upon after Wherry's funeral (TIME, Dec. 17). The minority, led by Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., had hoped to elect Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, a firm Eisenhower supporter. No one, however, was offended by the selection of Bridges. Not yet pledged to any candidate, he has the respect of both the Taft and the Eisenhower factions.

Bridges, 53, an agricultural expert by profession, got into New Hampshire politics through his activity with state farm-



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S BRIDGES
With Webster's desk, to the first row.

ers' groups. In 1934, in the face of a Democratic landslide, he was elected governor, the youngest (36) in the state's history. During two years in office, he stabilized New Hampshire's shaky finances, started a new system of state services (unemployment insurance, old-age benefits) that to some of his old farmer friends smelled suspiciously like the New Deal. Elected Senator, he went on to Washington in 1937 to wage a long and persistent guerrilla fight against the Senate's overwhelming New Deal majority. "They always spoke of me as a radical or a liberal in my own state," said Bridges at the time. "In Washington they call me a conservative."

Now the senior Republican Senator, Styles Bridges has gone after the Fair Deal with better effect. From his vantage point on the Senate Appropriations Committee, he has put a crimp in several of Harry Truman's expansive budgets, and led G.O.P. attacks on Dean Acheson and the Administration's Far East policy.

Bridges supported Lend-Lease and Selective Service before World War II, ECA and the North Atlantic Treaty after it.

Last week Styles Bridges moved his desk (which once served New Hampshire-born Daniel Webster) to the floor leader's spot in the first row of the G.O.P. side of the Senate Chamber, and settled down to a hard session's work.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Growth of Unity

To prevent disappointment, Winston Churchill's visit to the U.S. was cautiously billed. In fact, the four-day talks made more progress than the principals or the public had expected.

The mood of the conferences was businesslike but relaxed, often livened by dry Churchillian wit. At one point, Churchill's old military adviser, Lord Ismay, trying to break the Anglo-American deadlock over a new standardized rifle, suggested: "Isn't there some bastard Anglo-American type of fitting that could be adapted?" Churchill twinkled: "Oh, Lord Ismay, I must ask you to guard your language. I am an Anglo-American type, you know."

Churchill lived and worked in a large bedroom at the British embassy (he insisted on having a second bed installed, explaining that he often got too warm at night and liked to change to a fresh one). After hearing Truman's State of the Union speech, Churchill took the train to New York, spent a quiet day and a half receiving visitors (including the Duke of Windsor) at his old friend Bernard Baruch's apartment on East 66th Street. Then he went on to Canada, leaving Anthony Eden behind in Washington for more talks with Dean Acheson.

The communiqué issued by the White House contained some notable points of agreement. As a gesture to British public opinion, the U.S. promised not to use its British air bases "in an emergency" without Britain's consent. The President and the Prime Minister promised "full support" to the European defense community, declared a "complete identity of aims" between the U.S. and Britain in the Middle East.

On the Far East, they agreed that "the overriding need to counter the Communist threat . . . transcends such divergences as there are in our policy towards China." The British made this specific by reluctantly promising to drop their opposition to a Japanese peace treaty with Nationalist China.

Before the week was out, in a speech at Columbia University, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden went still further in defining a new and stronger British line in the Far East (see INTERNATIONAL). This week Eden's boss will return to Washington to wind up his visit with a major speech of his own before a joint session of Congress.

* The conferences reached no agreement on the rifle or on whether the North Atlantic naval commander should be American or British.

Chestnut Withdrawn

Through a White House announcement this week, Harry Truman hauled a red-hot chestnut out of the political fire. Press Secretary Joseph Short announced that the nomination of General Mark W. Clark as the first U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican would not be resubmitted to the Senate. The President will make another nomination, said Short, but he carefully avoided saying when.

"The controversy that has developed has impelled me to ask the White House to withdraw my name," explained General Clark.

In addition to the opposition of Protestant groups, Clark faced the old enemy of Texas' Tom Connally, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who holds Clark responsible for the death of a lot of Texas boys of the 36th Division at the Rapido River. Connally had said that if the President resubmitted Clark's name the general would be asked if he wants to stay in the Army. "If so," threatened Connally, "I'll tell him to get back in the Army—just as far back as he can—and stay there."

ARMED FORCES

First Come

The Navy last week staked an early claim to a large chunk of the U.S. defense budget for the next decade. Secretary Dan Kimball announced that plans were being drawn to build not one, but ten, 60,000-ton aircraft carriers, each larger than any carrier now afloat.* To be built at the rate of one a year, the new super-carriers would be sister ships of the U.S.S. *Forrestal*, whose keel will be laid this summer. They would have 1,000-ft. flight decks, fully retractable islands to allow more landing space, and a cruising speed of well over 30 knots. Some later models, said Kimball, might even be powered by atomic turbines. Estimated cost for all ten (less aircraft to fly from them): \$2,218,000,000.

POLITICS

Really Rolling

On I-day-plus-seven, the beachhead was secured and rapidly expanding. The Ike-for-President movement had grown solidly in the week since Dwight Eisenhower announced that he would accept the Republican nomination.

Evidences of Ike's popular support piled up with each mail delivery. New Eisenhower-for-President clubs were putting out their banners all over the country, hastily ordering batches of posters and campaign buttons. Hard-working Ikemen in Washington and Topeka spent hours on the phone straightening out enthusiastic amateurs who happened to have opened rival Ike clubs in the same town. In Los Angeles, the day after Ike's announcement

THE INQUIRING CONGRESSMEN

The 82nd Congress, whatever else it achieves, has already set a record for investigations. In their first session last year, the inquiring Congressmen held 130 hearings, ranging in subject from MacArthur's dismissal to the use of chemicals in food products. In their second session, now under way, the legislators will probably handle an even larger number of inquiries. On the schedule:

The McCarran Committee (Senate) will carry on the hunt for Communists, fellow travelers and subversive influences on U.S. policy. Its chairman, Nevada's Pat McCarran, has twelve projects in hand. Only one—the probe of the influential Institute of Pacific Relations (TIME, Sept. 3)—has yet been unfolded for the public eye; the eleven others are still under wraps in executive session.

The Hoey Committee (Senate) has become the biggest watchdog on corruption in federal executive departments. Under North Carolina's frock-coated Clyde Hoey, helped especially by Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy and California's Dick Nixon, the committee last year exposed Bill Boyle and the American Lithoford Corp. This year, fortified with a \$100,000 budget and eight investigators, it will tackle the sale of tankers by the Maritime Commission in 1947 to the American Overseas Tanker Corp., then headed by Joseph E. Casey, onetime Congressman from Clinton, Mass. It will also delve further into the activities of ex-War Assets Administrator Jess Larson.

The Johnson Committee (Senate) is spot checking the armed forces, whose gargantuan appropriations, as Illinois' Paul Douglas has said, defy comprehensive study and evaluation by any Congressman. Under Texas' Lyndon Johnson, the committee has already done a vigorous research job on the high cost of military housing, boot training in Hawaii, top-heavy brass in the Pentagon. Current objectives: favoritism in military procurement; racketeering in hiring workers for overseas bases.

The King Committee (House), under California's Cecil King, is the scourge of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Next month it will lash away some more, at hearings in San Francisco, where some of the BIR's shadiest shenanigans have gone on.

The Hardy Committee (House), an important brother-in-arms of the Johnson Committee, has vowed to find out just how the armed services spend the \$4.8 billion appropriated for military construction in the last session. Virginia's Porter Hardy Jr., the chairman, has led his committee on a 10,000-mile inspection of U.S. bases abroad, and the committee will soon make its first report.

Besides these five major committees, better known by the names of their chairmen, are scores of less pub-

licized operations, any one of which may suddenly make the headlines. Among them:

¶ **The House Judiciary Committee** may yield to a clamor from its Republican minority and begin a full-dress investigation of the Department of Justice.

¶ **A Senate Subcommittee on Rules & Administration** is sifting a charge by Connecticut's Bill Benton that Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy is unfit to be a Senator.

¶ **A Senate Subcommittee on Agriculture & Forestry** has nosed through the phenomenal outside-business profits of some employees of the Farm Credit Administration, will soon report on strange goings-on in the St. Louis Land Bank.

¶ **The House Un-American Activities Committee**, the granddaddy of the headline-makers, is quietly measuring off the possibility of an investigation into Communist plans for sabotage of U.S. industry.

¶ **The House Armed Services Committee** is preparing a report on the death of OSS's Major William Holahan in Italy (TIME, Aug. 27).

¶ **A special House committee** will soon hold open hearings on the Katyn Forest massacre (TIME, Nov. 26).

¶ **A Senate Subcommittee** on the District of Columbia will look into crime in the nation's capital.

¶ **A Senate Subcommittee** on the Post Office & Civil Service will study the government's manpower situation, probing for wasteful use of personnel.

¶ Then, there is a notable lone investigator, Delaware's Senator John Williams, who stirred up the case against the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Williams, who lends a hand to any committee, has been busy supplying leads involving the Farm Credit Administration and the Commodity Credit Corp.

In all this activity, the inquiring Congressmen are not necessarily after headlines exclusively, although in a hot political year headlines can mean a lot. They are also exercising a historical function: the legislative check & balance on the executive. Nowadays, when the executive arm has become outsize and unchecked by other means, the congressional investigation can dig up the facts for corrective lawmaking, give the public its best chance to see how its bureaucrats conduct themselves and how its money is being spent.

* Next biggest: the U.S. 45,000-ton *Midway* class (three ships).



John Zimmerman

TAFT STRATEGIST INGALLS
His job: to oil the wheels.

Last week, the switchboard of the county registrar's office was temporarily swamped with calls from prospective voters, asking how & when they could register.

The Ike movement was not making much of a dent in the Taft stronghold in the Midwest. Snapped the *Chicago Tribune* last week, commenting on Eisenhower's candidacy: "The American people are asked to buy a pig in a poke. They are asked to accept as a Republican a man whose whole career has been achieved through New Deal patronage . . . Why should the party advertise that it is utterly wanting in conviction by accepting a candidate who represents the basic tenets of the opposition?"

To balance the chilliness in the Midwest, there was a burst of Eisenhower sentiment in the South. The *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*, the *Greenville (Miss.) Delta Democrat-Times* and other respected Southern newspapers came out last week for Ike. Wrote the strongly Dixiecratic *Talladega (Ala.) Home*: "We are for Eisenhower because we believe him to be an honorable gentleman who would restore honor to our national Government."

In Washington, Ikeman Jim Duff exulted: "We're really rolling now. If it ever stops rolling, it won't get started again. But I don't think anybody can stop it."

Mr. Republican Jr.

In Washington's Mayflower Hotel one morning last week, tweedy David Sinton Ingalls lit up his pipe, grinned at the politicians gathered in his room and called the meeting to order. For twelve hours, the top men in Bob Taft's campaign sat in solemn conclave, point by point, then laid plans for Taft trips to the South, the Northwest and Texas, agreed on strategy for this month's meeting of the G.O.P. National Committee, and decided to enter their candidate in the Illinois primaries.

Taft himself was at the meeting for only two hours; the rest of the time, 52-year-old Dave Ingalls did the talking for him; the Taifts knew that he was eminently qualified for the job. A cousin* and long the closest friend of Mr. Republican, he is also Taft's personable junior partner, and the man in charge of his campaign. It was Ingalls who sparked Taft's Senate campaign in 1950; it was he who convinced Taft that he could win the presidential nomination in 1952.

Campaign Manager Ingalls has visited campaign headquarters only once. His job is with the candidate on the road, making friends and influencing delegates, writing detailed reports on what he sees and hears, oiling the wheels of the Taft bandwagon throughout the nation. Ingalls is Bob Taft's Jim Farley.

"It Just Happened." Scion of a well-to-do Cleveland family, Dave Ingalls was educated at St. Paul's and Yale, married Louise Harkness of the Standard Oil family. Dave Ingalls made the jump to politics at an early age. Armed with a Harvard law degree, a chestful of decorations as the Navy's only World War I ace (four sure kills), he was elected to the Ohio legislature at 27, won a second term on a barnstorming campaign in his own plane. With the sponsorship of an old aviator friend who knew his way around the Hoover Administration, ex-Ace Ingalls was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics in 1929, just six weeks after his 30th birthday.

Ingalls took a fling at the Ohio governorship in 1932 (he lost), worked his way up in Ohio G.O.P. politics to state chairman and national committeeman. In 1940 he slaved to get Cousin Bob Taft nominated for the presidency (says he of Taft's defeat by Willkie: "It just happened").

"Good Shape." Two years ago, when Bob Taft went after re-election in Ohio, Ingalls, in his twin-engine Beechcraft, personally piloted Taft on many of his 334 visits to industrial plants, 873 speeches, 164 G.O.P. meetings, 143 receptions throughout the state. Ingalls sold Taft on speaking to college students wherever possible (on the tried & true theory that kids pass on their enthusiasm to grownups), mingled with the audiences, picked the brains of everyone he met, from local committeemen to escorting cops. Together with Campaign Treasurer Ben Tate (who holds the same post in the current campaign), Ingalls decided that Taft should aim at the presidency, if he won the Senate race by 250,000 votes or more. Taft's margin: 431,000. Last March Ingalls took off in his plane on an eight-month, 48-state political survey, came back with a pocketful of assurances that Taft was the man for 1952. He worked best at small lunches or dinners—"not less than 15 present," he explained, "and not more than 25." He added: "Everywhere I stopped, I always had at least one friend who would get me started."

* Ingalls' mother is the daughter of Charles P. Taft, Bob's uncle.

Thanks to Dave Ingalls and his professional friends, Taft's campaign is now rolling in 48 states. What of its chances against Eisenhower? Last week Bob Taft boasted that if all his pledges were turned into convention votes, he would have a majority on the first ballot. Said Dave Ingalls: "We're in good shape. Gosh, we're in wonderful shape."

Candor

Missouri's Lieut. Governor James T. Blair Jr. filed for a second term last week and told the people just why he is running. Said he: "There isn't any great public outcry for me to do this. I just want the office."

Help Thy Opponent

Ohio's Democratic Governor Frank J. Lausche announced last week that he will go after a fourth term—a new trick in Ohio politics, if he can work it. Like most such announcements in the strange world of politics, this one spun the wheels of some other bandwagons. It puts an end to speculation that Lausche would seek Republican Senator John Bricker's seat. That opened the Democratic field in the Senate race to Michael V. Di Salle, the squash-shaped U.S. director of price stabilization, who is thinking about running. But the announcement's most curious effect was on the man who is expected to be Lausche's opponent in November. Loyal Republicans will want to put up the strongest possible candidate against Lausche, an effective vote-getter. Quite a few old-line Republicans dislike Charles Taft's liberal independence in Cincinnati politics, but many of them will now swing over to Taft (brother of Senator Robert) because he is the strongest candidate in sight. Thus, Lausche's announcement materially helped Charlie Taft's nomination for the opposing ticket.



International

OHIO'S GOVERNOR LAUSCHE
His aim: to turn a new trick.

A Novel Invitation

Many campaign-hardened Illinois Democrats wagged their heads sadly four years ago when Adlai Ewing Stevenson was picked by their leaders as the party's candidate for governor. A socialist lawyer with a quiet conversational manner, Stevenson was an amateur in practical politics, and he seemed to have no promise as a colorful campaigner. Furthermore, he had been away from the state for nearly seven years on Federal Government jobs. Although five generations of Stevensons had lived in Illinois, he was sure to be labeled a striped-pants product of Washington. But he soon soothed the professionals' fears. He got folksy with the voters, slugged mightily at "corruption" in the administration of Republican Dwight H. Green, and won by the biggest majority ever given an Illinois candidate for governor.

Four years later, Illinois organization Democrats began to worry again. Their new fear: that Stevenson might not be their candidate. The governor, whose deepest interest has long been foreign affairs (he served with the U.S. delegation to the United Nations General Assembly and as a special assistant to the Secretary of State under Byrnes and Stettinius), seemed undecided whether he would seek a second term. The party leaders, expecting a strong Republican vote for President, were sure they would need him to win the statehouse. He has been one of the best governors in Illinois history, has slashed the Green-padded payroll, brought in able aides, begun rehabilitation of Illinois' potholed highway system, improved the schools, opened the way for city manager governments, started streamlining the state government.

Last week Stevenson once again quited the Democratic quivers. He announced that he will run for governor again, and for good measure added a deft campaign statement: "I invite the Republican Party to nominate the best man it can find. It is of little importance whether the next governor of Illinois is named Adlai Stevenson, but it is of highest importance that we finish what we have started. No matter who loses then, the people will win."

HEROES

Medals

Halsey McGovern's two sons, both Army lieutenants, died heroes' deaths in Korea. Robert, 23, of the 3th Cavalry Regiment, fell on Jan. 30, 1951 when his platoon was trapped on an exposed hillside. Severely wounded, his carbine ripped from his hands by a machine-gun burst, he had charged the enemy alone, hurling grenades until he fell. His avenging platoon swept over the enemy with fixed bayonets. Jerome, 21, 2nd Infantry Division, was killed twelve days later as he rallied his men in the face of murderous Communist fire. In due time, the Army announced that Jerome had been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry, his older



ADLAI STEVENSON

An amateur soothed the professionals.

brother, Robert, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

To most fathers, the Army's letter would have brought pride. To 65-year-old Halsey McGovern, a Washington, D.C. transportation consultant, it brought only anger. He said that he 1) would not accept the honors because he did not believe in medals for heroism, 2) disliked the way President Harry Truman was running the country. He wanted no part of the decorations "if it infers that Truman is a proper party to honor these boys and other boys who died over there."

The Army could not force the medals on the dead heroes' father, but it could make sure that their deeds were properly recorded. The honors awarded Robert and Jerome McGovern will be inscribed on their service records whether Halsey McGovern likes it or not. In the Army's opinion, the medals were not awarded to the father, but to his sons in death.

"My Duty"

For more than three days, the North Atlantic seemed to give up to Captain Kurt Carlsen and his crippled *Flying Enterprise*. The British tug *Turmoil* plowed homeward through a placid sea, her five-inch steel towline dragging the wallowing *Flying Enterprise*. Aboard the listing Isbrandtsen freighter, Carlsen and Mate Kenneth Dancy of the *Turmoil* settled down for the trip into Falmouth. People all over the world read the headlines, and hoped.

But the Atlantic was only resting. Eighty miles from Falmouth, the wind began to rise. Soon, heavy seas were crashing over the *Enterprise*. The *Turmoil* cut her speed, hoisted for more than five hours, then got under way. The *Flying Enterprise* rolled drunkenly. A towering wave snatched the only remaining lifeboat from her davits, tumbled and smashed it to kindling. Car-

lsen coaxed his battery-powered radio to life.

Carlsen to escorting U.S. Destroyer Willard Keith: "Don't worry. Everything is O.K."

The Towline Parts. The storm got worse. At 3 a.m., now less than 55 miles from port, Carlsen and Dancy were awakened by a blast from the *Turmoil*'s siren. The towline had snapped. Aboard the *Turmoil*, an engineer heard the cable "racing [in] on us as if it was being pulled by elastic. I had to turn away, like in the movies when you don't want others to know you're crying."

All next day, Carlsen and Dancy fought to free the fouled tackle and rig a new line. Once, when they were on the verge of success, a great wave smashed over the ship. Carlsen was swept off his feet, skidded along the slanted deck, barely saved himself from going overboard. He and Dancy settled down to wait for a break in the weather, but within minutes the *Keith*'s radio operator was picking up new gale warnings. Carlsen and Dancy moved higher, scrambled up to the captain's office on the starboard side. At 10 a.m. next morning, the storm was still blowing at gale force. Another tug, the *Dexterous*, arrived from Falmouth to help; the radio began crackling out urgent messages:

Keith to Carlsen: "A helicopter is standing by to take you off."

Carlsen to Keith: "I'm not abandoning... The sea is playing heck with the ship."

By noon Carlsen and Dancy were on chairs in the flooded captain's office, huddled in blankets.

Carlsen to Keith: "It's icy in here. We have rigged a rope up to the doorway, just in case we have to quit in a hurry. Send a message to Agnes, my wife. I am anxious because I have not heard a word from her..."

At 2 p.m. the *Enterprise* was almost on her beam ends. A helicopter took off from Cudrore Naval Air Station ten miles from Falmouth and beat southward into the storm. The wind was too strong. It had to turn back.

Carlsen to Turmoil, 2:30 p.m.: "Captain Parker, things aren't so hot here now, captain. She's taking a lot of water."

Turmoil to Carlsen: "Your hatches are awash and may give way at any time."

For half an hour more the *Enterprise* heaved in the sea, then she began to settle rapidly.

Turmoil to Keith, 3:08: "The Flying Enterprise is going down... The Flying Enterprise is going down."

Keith to Turmoil, 3:15: "She is still afloat. Captain Carlsen and Mr. Dancy



MATE DANCY & CAPTAIN CARLSEN
Dexterous to Turmoil: "Good show, old boy."

are standing on the starboard side of the deckhouse."

British tug Dexterous to Turmoil, 3:16: "Come to windward. They are going to jump from the top of the funnel."

Keith, 3:19: "Enterprise now taking water down the stack."

Turmoil, 3:22: "Captain Carlsen and Dancy have jumped. They are in the water. We are going to pull them in."

Turmoil, 3:27: "I've got them. Both of them. They were in the water about four-and-a-half minutes. We got Carlsen first, then Dancy."

Keith to Turmoil: "Beautiful work!"
Dexterous to Turmoil: "Good show, old boy."

Forty-One Miles from Safety. Carlsen stood on the starboard deck and watched his ship go down. Convoy sirens wailed a requiem as the *Flying Enterprise's* stern rose up, cascading foam. It dropped heavily back. The bow shot up 20 feet and the *Enterprise* plunged into 40 fathoms, 41 miles, southeast of Falmouth. On the *Turmoil* old sailors were in tears. Carlsen took one last look and stumbled below to sleep. "I have done my best . . ." he said wearily. "It could not be helped."

Britain's press broke down completely at the news that he was safe and was headed for Falmouth. Almost every paper carried a banner. "We cry 'Hard luck, Carlsen,'" intoned London's *Daily Herald*, "but we rejoice that he lives to stand on the bridge of another ship." Whipped the *News Chronicle* in large type: "Hush, They're Asleep!"

At Falmouth, a crowd of 10,000 lined the Prince of Wales pier to welcome the brave captain. His aged parents had been flown over from Copenhagen to greet their son. The mayor of Falmouth was

there to give one of the most important speeches of his life; Denmark's King Frederik sent his naval attaché with a message of congratulation.

Poundcake & Candles. Tired and stiff-legged, his hands heavily calloused from crawling along the *Flying Enterprise's* decks, Kurt Carlsen stepped off on to the pier and embraced his parents. When the speeches were over, he faced the mob of 350 newsmen and, in a quiet voice, filled out the story of his ordeal.

Carlsen told how he had been wet to the skin for two weeks, how he had eaten poundcake washed down with Rhine wine from the ship's store, warmed his hands over a candle, and slept jammed between the tilted deck and bulkhead of the radio room. He said that he had read a book on maritime law and prayed. He told how he and Dancy had decided to jump when the pressure of air and water burst open the wheelhouse door, how they had swum hand-in-hand toward the *Turmoil*. "I cannot, please do not ask me too hard, to tell you how I felt as I saw her go."

By week's end, Carlsen had performed his last formal act as skipper of the *Flying Enterprise*. Before a panel of underwriters, he signed an affidavit that his ship had been lost by an "act of God" which neither he nor the owners could prevent. Then, he turned his back on offers for movie and story rights, radio & TV appearances (estimated at more than \$84,000), and made ready to fly home for a ticker-tape parade up Broadway.

Before he left, Skipper Carlsen answered the question uppermost in everyone's mind. Why had he stuck it out so long? Said Carlsen: "I thought I could bring her into port. I felt it was my duty to the owners and all those who had insured the ship and cargo. I am a sea captain, a seaman."

MANNERS & MORALS

Americana

¶ New York City police picked up the youngest dope addict they had ever found, an eight-year-old Bronx boy, who confessed to smoking marijuana cigarettes. His story led police to a dozen other child addicts (heroin as well as marijuana). In the lower Bronx, the dope users are classed by age as "seniors" (16-18 years), "juniors" (13-15), and "midgets" (11-12). They buy from peddlers who refuse to sell to anyone older than 18 lest he turn out to be a detective.

¶ Sweaters have been bursting into flame all over the country. The phenomenon began about a month ago in Los Angeles when an auto driver's sweater took fire as he lit a cigarette. By last week a score of similar cases had been reported as far east as New England; there were no deaths but numerous burns. The garments, made of highly combustible brushed rayon, were hawked by peddlers at prices as low as \$1.50 each.

¶ The ballad of Frankie & her man, who done her wrong, was called by Carl Sandburg the U.S.'s "classical gutter song." There are upward of 300 versions of *Frankie and Johnnie*, and no one knows just when & where it began. Frankie Baker, a young tart in St. Louis' Negro district in 1899, was sure she inspired the lament. When her man (Albert Britt) two-timed her, Frankie tongue-lashed him; when he pulled a knife on her, she shot him dead. Tried for murder, she was acquitted because she killed in self-defense. People on the streets began singing the ballad of Frankie at her, and they kept singing it as she moved westward. Mae West sang it in the Paramount film, *She Done Him Wrong*; then RKO did a picture called *Frankie & Johnnie*. Frankie Baker complained that everybody but her was making money out of her song. Her travels ended in Portland, Ore., where for the past few years she lived on relief in a ramshackle frame house. Neighborhood kids sang her song outside her window. Last week, an embittered 75, Frankie died.

¶ Theola Barton is a 15-year-old Californian who likes to go to school in pin curls. Last March the principal of her school in Antioch sent her home to take out the pins. Theola's parents rebelled, said that Theola would not go back to classes until she could do her hair as she pleased. Last week Judge Yates Hamn fined the Bartons \$10 apiece for failing to send a minor to school. Snapped Ma Barton: "We're appointing you the legal guardian of our five youngest children to raise, to feed, to educate, to clothe and to care for according to your standards." Then the Bartons stalked off, leaving five wallowing youngsters in court. The startled judge gave them 50¢ apiece as a soother, then turned them over to the county juvenile home.

¶ In the wooded hills near Shreveport, La., a puma was on the prowl, terrorizing the city's 125,000 residents. Heavily armed hunters and hound dogs were trying to track the beast down.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Signing the Pledge

If the truce talks at Panmunjom were a high-school debate, the U.N. debaters would have had their Communist opponents backed into an uncomfortable corner last week. Major General Howard Turner reminded the Reds of a statement made last month by North Korea's Nam Il to the effect that his side would certainly build and repair North Korean airfields during an armistice (the theory being that North Korea was a sovereign nation, and that the U.N. had no right to interfere in its internal affairs). Now Red China's Hsieh Fang was saying that the U.N.'s charge that his side intended to build and repair airfields was a "misrepresentation and slander."

Which, General Turner asked, is the true statement? Will you or will you not enlarge your airfield capacity during an armistice? The Reds refused a straightforward answer.

In the prisoner-of-war discussions, also, the U.N. debaters had the foe all boxed up—verbally. In trying to account for tens of thousands of missing South Koreans, the Red negotiators had said that large numbers had been "re-educated" and had voluntarily joined the Communist forces. Their reluctance to go home, the Red negotiators implied, should be respected. But last week they insisted that Red prisoners in Allied hands should all be repatriated, whether they wanted to be or not. Rear Admiral Ruthven Libby scathingly pointed out the discrepancy.

Bound to Evade. Unluckily, there was no debate judge to pound a gong and say that the U.N. had won. The Reds knew they were not in a debate. In the Communists' eyes, their spokesmen at Panmunjom were fighting a battle, just as truly as their troops in the field had been fighting up to the November lull. In their view, the negotiators were as thoroughly bound as battlefield soldiers to evade, confuse and deceive their enemy.

Washington—which had been up to its eyes in the truce talks since November—was beginning to see that the inspection business was not workable. It seemed clear that, no matter what they agreed to at the conference table, the Reds would fix up their blasted North Korean airstrips and build new ones as soon as they had the chance.

Fussy Rigmarole. Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy, the chief U.N. delegate, flew to Tokyo last week, conferred lengthily with Matt Ridgway and returned to Munson with what correspondents believed to be the latest Washington compromise proposal in his briefcase. The newsmen thought that the U.N. would ask the Communists for a general pledge not to build up their "military capability" during an armistice. If the enemy broke the pledge and then breached the peace as well, the U.N. would have what the Pentagon re-

gards as moral justification for punitive action against Red China itself (TIME, Jan. 14).

The pledge business seemed a fussy sort of rigmarole. But it was a sign that Washington was flexing its slack muscles and bracing itself to launch a policy of determent (i.e., a warning of direct punishment, rather than a mere renewal of battle in Korea) as the best means of preventing a Korean truce from becoming a dangerous trap.

THE ENEMY

Don't Send Us Back

In the first months after V-E Day, the Western allies in Germany, swallowing hard, bundled thousands of unwilling and sometimes struggling refugees from Communist domination into trains, and sent them back to death or slavery in Communist hands. The allies did this wicked thing to prolong the "honeymoon" with Soviet Russia. When Russia itself ended the honeymoon, the practice of involuntary repatriation stopped—to the vast relief of all men of good will.

In Korea last week, another coalition of free nations (including the U.S., Britain, France) was faced with another Communist demand for involuntary repatriation. This time the prospective victims were among the U.N.'s 130,000-odd prisoners of war (of whom about 20,000 are Chinese, the rest North Koreans). At the conference table in Panmunjom, the U.N. insisted that each man be free to accept or reject repatriation, the voting to be supervised by the Red Cross. The Red negotiators insisted that all Communist prisoners be returned to their masters, whether they wanted to go or not. The

U.N. Command said that thousands of Red prisoners beg not to be sent back.

Many of the Chinese prisoners want to join the Nationalists on Formosa. Many more, both Chinese and North Korean, know that if returned to Communist control they will be treated as traitors, or at least as suspects contaminated by contact with the free world. There were unconfirmed but plausible stories that some had threatened mass suicide, that others had drawn up petitions signed in blood, that fights rage in the U.N. stockades between Communist and anti-Communist factions.

The U.N. proposal on repatriation was designed to work both ways—i.e., any U.N. prisoners who chose to stay in Communist territory would be free to do so. This did not interest the Red negotiators, and they remained obdurate. The U.N. delegates knew that, in resisting the Red demands, they might prolong the captivity and perhaps endanger the lives of the 11,000-plus U.N. prisoners (3,200 of them Americans) whose names had turned up on the Communist P.W. lists.

THE AIR WAR

Worst Week

Against the enemy's swarming MIG-15s, U.S. Sabre jet pilots more than held their own last week. They lost three Sabres to the Red jets' cannon, but downed twelve MIGs, damaged 14 more. The U.N.'s slower tactical planes had the usual good hunting against ground targets, but paid for it heavily. Three F-84s, four F-80s, four F-51s, a B-26 light bomber and a Corsair were lost to the enemy's sharp-shooting flak crews. In number of U.N. planes lost—16 in all—it was the worst week of the war.



RED PRISONERS WITH HOMEMADE STATUE OF LIBERTY
They feared the worst.

NEWS IN PICTURES



MARINE MANEUVERS, staged in sub-zero temperatures of California's High Sierra, provided Korea-bound troops with realistic

rehearsal for cold weather combat. Parka-clad trainees, who skinned for six days in snow, call the course "free life insurance."

Associated Press



ROYAL FOX HUNT in Scotland set romantic British gossips to buzzing again when Princess Margaret turned up as guest of Earl of Dalkeith, 28.

International



SHAPE HEADQUARTERS, opened just six months ago at Rocquencourt, outside of Paris, gives Gen. Eisenhower's



JAPANESE MANEUVERS, the biggest since World War II, saw National Police Reserves "wipe out" 5,000 "aggressors" in foothills

of Mt. Haruna. The 75,000-man force, 15 months old and armed with U.S. equipment, is potential nucleus of new army for Japan.



12-nation staff nearly four sprawling acres of office space. Main hall, 650 feet long, connects 18 prefabricated wings.



"GARBO LOOK," displayed at Manhattan hat show, is the \$82.50 spring fancy whipped up in ice-blue straw lace by whimsical milliner, Mr. John.

INTERNATIONAL

UNITED NATIONS

Doubletalk

Whenever Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky has a bad week, bad words fly. Cried he last week: "General Ridgway was told to fight—to maim, and he's maiming, to kill, and he's killing, to burn, and he's burning." Cause of Vishinsky's bad temper was a succession of reverses in the U.N. General Assembly's Political Committee:

Q A Russian proposal that the Korean armistice talks be taken up in the Security Council was defeated, 40-6.

Q A Western amendment that Big Power talks be held when—and by implication, only when—they "usefully serve to remove [international] tension" was adopted, 50-0.

Two days later the Assembly established a twelve-nation disarmament commission, as proposed by the U.S., Britain and France. Vishinsky was quickly back on the offensive. Russia was now for the first time willing, he said, to permit "continuing" international inspection of atomic plants. In the fine print, of course, were the usual escape clauses. Nonetheless, continuing inspection was a seeming concession which five years ago would have been hailed with hope and cheers. But as of last week, when Soviet Russia's words without deeds no longer had the power to stir, U.S. Representative Ernest A. Gross dismissed it as "doubletalk without meaning."

CONFERENCES

Danger in Indo-China

A dozen of the uppermost generals and admirals of the Big Three Western powers locked themselves into a map-hung inner sanctum in the Pentagon one day last week and conferred for eight hours. Their sole topic: the increasing threat of an all-out Communist attempt to swallow up Indo-China.

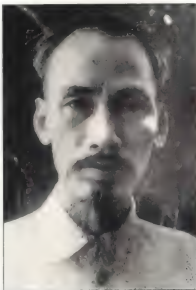
Blood & Billions. General Alphonse-Pierre Juin, inspector-general of the French army, had been dispatched to Washington to plead France's case. The French were frankly alarmed. General de Lattre de Tassigny, the leader on whom France, and France's friends, had counted, was out of the battle (see below). The guerrilla warfare the French had been fighting since 1946 had already cost more casualties than those suffered by the U.S. in Korea—including the equivalent of three entire classes from St. Cyr, France's West Point, and ten sons of French generals. It had also cost at least as many dollars as all the billions in aid the U.S. had sent to France since the end of World War II.

The stability achieved by De Lattre's masterly maneuvering against Ho Chi Minh's Communist guerrillas would collapse the minute 200,000 Chinese Communist forces, now poised along the Indo-China border, slipped over the line, ei-

ther in an outright invasion or in the guise of "volunteers."

There were portents: last week ten French fighter planes were shot down by radar-controlled antiaircraft guns which could only have come from Russia. The French seized an American-made 105-mm. gun, noted that its date of manufacture was 1950 and made the obvious conclusion: it had been captured by the Chinese Reds in Korea and shipped south to Ho. In every engagement, the rebels were squandering guns and ammunition which formerly they spent carefully.

How to Retaliate. The French generals argued against a tapping sophistry that is prevalent in France as well as in the U.S. State Department: that in Indo-China



Ho CHI MINH
Guns to squander.

France fights a colonial war, that overt help to her should be avoided lest it dismay the Indians, the Burmese and the Indonesians. The French wanted a definite U.S. promise of armed forces for Indo-China—sea and air support, not ground troops—in the event the Chinese invaded. Without such a commitment, the French argued Indo-China would fall to the Communists, and so, in a matter of time, would British Malaya, Burma, Siam and probably Indonesia.

U.S. Generals Omar Bradley, Joe Collins and Hoyt Vandenberg and their British opposites listened sympathetically, but they were not empowered to give France the specific military promise it wanted. Two days later however, in a speech in New York, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden beamed a crucial warning to the Communists. "It should be understood," he said, "that the intervention by force by Chinese Communists in South-east Asia—even if they were called vol-

unteers—would create a situation no less menacing than that which the United Nations met and faced in Korea. In any such event the United Nations should be equally solid to resist it."

While the question of just how to resist is still to be settled, as the anxious French generals discovered in the Pentagon conference room, the U.S. has apparently already decided it will not be sucked into another limited "police action" of the Korean type. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are now convinced that the answer to the next Chinese war is air and sea war against China itself (TIME, Jan. 14). Declared a high-ranking State Department official: "We are not going to try to localize any more wars."

HEROES

The Patriot

One voice—the voice that mattered most—was silent as the generals met in Washington last week, to discuss Southeast Asian strategy (see above). After a brief illness and two operations (for prostate tumor), General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, 62, High Commissioner and Commander in Chief of French forces in Indo-China, was dead.

Gallant, flamboyant, brilliant, shrewd, unpredictable and seemingly fearless, Jean de Lattre was one of the ablest soldiers of his time and a patriot without qualification. In an increasingly cynical world, he took the words "honor" and "country" seriously. He would literally blanch at the suggestion that all Frenchmen might not instantly rush to the defense of their country at any time. "That is sacrilege, sacrilege!" he would mutter, and his own deep conviction was enough to spur French pride. He had his small vanities: uniforms tailored by Lanvin, an insistence on low-numbered license plates. *Général de Théâtre* the cynics called him, but if De Lattre's triumphs were invariably spectacular, it was simply because he saw no reason why heroism and high purpose should be hidden under a hypocritical bushel of false modesty.

Wounds, Jail, Escape. De Lattre made his early entrance with characteristic élan. Born like Clemenceau in the Vendée village of Moulléron-en-Pareds, the village where De Lattre's 97-year-old father has been mayor for 40 years, De Lattre startled the neighbors early in life by leading cavalry charges across the garden astride his father's great Dane. As a young lieutenant of dragoons just out of St. Cyr in World War I, he earned his first wound and his first citation in a victorious hand-to-hand clash with two German Uhlans. Transferred to the infantry, he was wounded four more times in the same war, wounded again fighting the Rifis in Morocco in 1925. In 1939 he became the youngest general (50) in the French army, and fought gamely in the Third Republic's dying hours.

In 1942, the Vichy government sentenced him to ten years in jail for conducting a virtual one-man war against German occupation. U.S. and British generals who served with him in Italy and France after his escape stood in constant awe, and De Lattre made sure that they continued to do so. Once he chewed out General Marshall himself because of a delayed shipment of supplies. Years later, informed that Marshall had forgotten the incident, De Lattre remarked: "Nonsense! The general is polite. Nobody whom I have castigated ever forgets it."

When, in December 1950, De Lattre was called upon to redeem French honor in the jungles of Indo-China, few Frenchmen had much faith in the "dirty little war." De Lattre went to Hanoi and faced the demoralized troops of France with fire in his eyes. "From now on," he told them, "you will be led!" Within 30 days, his refusal to admit defeat had turned the tide of battle.

For Liberty. Last September De Lattre went to Washington to plead for more U.S. aid to the French in Indo-China. "We are fighting," he said, "on a world battlefield for liberty . . . for peace." Few Americans took note of the wisdom behind those words. Many, on the other hand, noted the black band on the sleeve of the general's always impeccable uniform. It represented his only son, Bernard, killed in action in Indo-China just 15 weeks before. Close friends felt that General De Lattre never fully recovered from the shock of that loss, but to one he wrote soon afterward: "My pride is greater than my sorrow. You should send me compliments, not condolences."

Last week, the flags on all French public buildings hung at half-mast, and thousands paraded past the general's bier. But proudly, as befitted the man they honored, the French caretaker cabinet met in special session to confer on Jean de Lattre the title: Marshal of France.

WESTERN EUROPE

Until the Year 2001

"Here, and now, the beginning must be made." Chancellor Konrad Adenauer told the Bundestag. "The decision you make is truly for or against Europe."

With such solemn phrases, Adenauer appealed to the West German Republic last week to pledge its most precious asset, the Ruhr, to the great task of building a European community. Up for vote was German ratification of the Schuman Plan, which would put the coal and steel of Germany and France and their neighbors into an industrial super-government until the year 2001.

When Adenauer sat down after his eloquent speech, black wooden boxes were passed down the aisles of the packed Bundestag chamber. Into the boxes each deputy dropped one of three cards: blue for yes, pink for no, yellow for abstain. Tally: 232 blues, 143 pinks, three yellows. Germany, Europe's biggest steel and coal producer, had decisively answered

Adenauer's appeal to "live up to the greatness of the moment."

Principles & Politics. Konrad Adenauer, who combines rigid principle with flexible political skill, had worked deftly to achieve an unexpectedly sweeping victory. The Ruhr capitalists, who compose the right wing of his coalition, yielded when he wangled from the allies a promise to speed up the end of occupation controls over coal exports and steel capacity. He had won other votes by his courage in replying to demagogic Communist taunts. He stated bluntly that the Schuman Plan would incidentally mean that the heartfelt issue of German reunification had to come second to Germany's joining in the West's defense.

Adenauer's task was made easier by the illness of rabble-rousing Socialist Leader Kurt Schumacher, who for months has

free to meet manpower supply & demand without passports; by sinking Europe's traditional tight little cartel islands which hold production down—by doing these things the Schuman Plan can liberate the European economy.

The Schuman Plan also gets the camel's nose of political federation under the tent. It sets up a super-government which for once avoids the dreamy supposition that all the members will love each other; rather it assumes that they will often be at odds, and seeks to prevent one-nation domination by an ingenious system of checks & balances. This is done by having the \$4.5 billion annual coal and steel business run by a day-to-day executive of nine men—no more than two from one country—known as the High Authority. It is appointed by a Council of six cabinet ministers from the six member nations. It is



GENERAL DE LATTRE DECORATING HIS SON
On the world battlefield, a voice was silenced.

shrilled that the Schuman Plan is a conspiracy of "capitalism, clericalism, conservatism and cartelism." In his absence, Erich Ollenhauer led the opposition. Ollenhauer, a 50-year-old career Socialist who spent the war years in Britain, rejected Schumacher's familiar tactics of snarling insult and rampant nationalism; his opposition was polite and professional. Even Socialist imaginations were fired when Professor Walter Hallstein, who co-fathered the plan with France's Jean Monnet, painted a bold picture of a Europe no longer economically fettered by national borders, able "to equal what was possible for the Americans."

Six in One. An American-style, expanding mass-market economy is the true aim of the Schuman Plan. By combining six nations' annual coal outputs, totaling 220 million tons, and steel outputs, totaling 38 million tons; by making products salable, tariff-free, in a market of 155,000,000 people; by making labor fluid,

subject (just like a European cabinet) to confidence votes in a 78-member Assembly, elected by the parliaments of the six nations.

These complexities may be lost on millions of Europeans, who yet sense something profound in the Schuman Plan and have frequently been ahead of their governments in supporting it. In May 1950, their hearts were kindled when France's Robert Schuman, proposing the plan, pointed out that Germany and France, once their basic industries had been scrambled into an omelet, would "no longer be tempted to wage war; indeed, war between them will be impracticable."

Italy, Belgium and Luxembourg have still to ratify. So must The Netherlands' upper house. But now that France and Germany, which count most, have both endorsed the Schuman Plan, the others will probably follow suit. Within months. Western Europe should be able to start making a dream of centuries come true.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Fateful Dance

Like dancers in a ragged pavane, the familiar men in French politics whirled through the precise, formal movements of a familiar French ritual—the search for a new government.

Within 15 minutes of the Assembly vote that felled them, Premier René Pleven and his cabinet ministers sped to the presidential palace in their official black cars and submitted their resignations to President Vincent Auriol, getting into their usual traffic snarl in the courtyard. Then they rushed back to carry on their cabinet assignments as before, until a new cabinet emerged.

Just as he had been forced to do so many times before (ten), the President sent out summonses for *les pressentis*—the politicians who, theoretically, are eligible to form a new cabinet. First, by custom, came the representative of the party which brought down the government, the Socialists. Would Monsieur Christian Pineau care to try? No thanks, replied Monsieur Pineau. One by one came *les pressentis* from the other parties: General de Gaulle's R.P.F., the Independents, the Catholic M.R.P., the Radical Socialists (who are neither radical nor socialist, but right-wing).

By week's end, President Auriol had been turned down five times. A sixth candidate was trying, with slim chances of success. The dance has its own logic: in a coalition of central parties in which none has a majority, the party undertaking the coalition must make concessions to buy the support of some other party. Unless he wants to pay an exorbitant price, a buyer must not seem too eager to buy.

Too many shrugging Frenchmen are apt to regard such crises as merely a bad

joke, and to say that the government runs itself without a Premier. But with the war hotting up in Indo-China, with a budget crisis at home, and with parliamentary decisions waiting to be made on NATO and the European Army, the pavane is in grave danger of becoming a dance macabre.

MIDDLE EAST

The Old Game

The old Middle East game of baiting the British, a pastime which any number may play, continued unabated. First, Iran's Foreign Office fired off an angry note warning the British embassy to cease "open interference" in Iran's affairs or suffer consequences. The British in a huffy reply refused to receive Iran's note; the Iranians in turn refused to receive the British message refusing the Iranian note. Upshot: Premier Mossadeq ordered Great Britain to shut her nine Iranian consulates within nine days.

In Egypt, trigger-happy Egyptian irregulars went after British military trains and the British military went after the irregulars. After one day's sporadic firing, the score was: one British military train shot up; three British casualties; 46 Egyptian guerrillas killed, wounded or captured.

Yet there were hopeful signs. Three separate, self-appointed mediators—Saudi Arabia, Iraq and the U.S.—kept trying to mediate the Britain-Egypt quarrel. Best bet to date was a tentative suggestion from Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden to his U.S. opposite number, Dean Acheson: Britain might provisionally recognize Egypt's Farouk as King of the disputed Sudan in return for continued British "protection" of the Suez and full Egyptian participation in the Middle East command,

GREAT BRITAIN

Red & Goldbrickers

A tiny London strike last week spotlighted a deep-seated British economic and social disease. The fight began when London's nationalized Electricity Board decided to check up on the working habits of its 700 meter readers. Its inspectors' findings: Many of the readers finish work before lunchtime, spend several hours over lunch, waste an hour or more before starting work. "Organized efforts," said the board, "have been made to restrict the amount of work done by each man." If every meter reader did a full day's work, about half of them could be released for other jobs in Britain's defense and export industries, which desperately need 500,000 extra workers.

Confronted with this indictment, the meter readers replied not with denials, but with anger. Haunted like most British workers by deep-running memories of depression-time unemployment, they had instinctively stretched out their jobs as if there were no full employment now. Explained one: "We have never overworked, for that would have been against the true principles of trade unionism, and would have meant some of us joining the dole queue." To make matters worse, their union's president, its general secretary, and eight of the twelve board members are Communists. In protest against the inspectors ("These snoopers are a new kind of Gestapo dreamed up by the Tories," was the usual Communist response), 361 meter readers went on strike.

London was scandalized. "Quite fantastic in a country that is struggling for economic survival," said the *News Chronicle*. Said the *Times*: "Few strikers have deserved less public sympathy; few threats have called for firmer action."



"GIRLS, GIRLS, GET BACK INTO LINE, THE PRIMA DONNA'S THREATENING TO DO A SOLO ACT!"
In the palace, a ragged pavane; in the courtyard, a traffic snarl.

Vicky—London News Chronicle

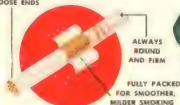
Be Happy-Go LUCKY!

Here's why
Luckies taste better!



You get better taste from fine tobacco, and L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco... fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco—and don't let anybody tell you different!

NO LOOSE ENDS



What's more, Luckies are made better—so round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw. Always, in all ways, you can depend on Luckies for better quality! These are facts—verified and documented.

QUALITY COMPARISON—5 PRINCIPAL BRANDS

Based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical.
Verified by leading laboratory consultants.



"In our judgment the above bar graph accurately and reliably depicts the relative quality of these brands. It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of these five major brands."

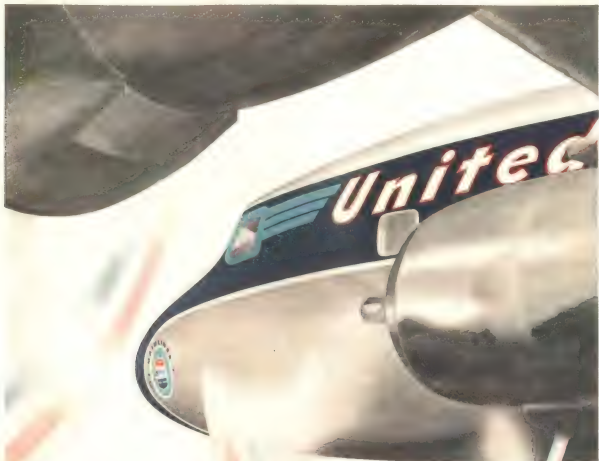
(Signed) Froehling & Robertson, Inc.,
Richmond, Va.

"We confirm that in our opinion the properties measured are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We do verify that the above chart correctly shows that Lucky Strike ranks first in quality."

(Signed) Foster D. Snell, Inc.,
New York, N. Y.



COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



This rainbow, too, means sunshine!



Aboard giant DC-6 Mainliners with the famous red-white-and-blue propeller tips, you fly where the weather is best! In addition to its normal coast-to-coast route, shown above, United can choose from multiple routes, made possible by the range of this airliner.



Most of the time, the direct mid-continent route is flown. But United is not confined to one fixed route. Multiple routes, all marked by radio beams for precision navigation, permit flying as far south as Texas, as far north as Montana, to take advantage of favorable weather.



As weather "fronts" move, they are easily by-passed by long-range DC-6 Mainliners, using reserve power to arrive on time even though a longer route may be flown. (This big Mainliner can also fly at high altitudes, over the weather, with pressurized-cabin comfort for you.)



So with not one but dozens of "sunshine routes," United offers you greater schedule dependability the year 'round. For reservations call or write United Air Lines or an Authorized Travel Agent. The cost is often less than first-class surface travel today.

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RUSSIA

Big Brother Never Sleeps

Western radio monitors, tuning in on a special children's broadcast on the Soviet home radio, heard the Russian equivalent of a Sunday-school lesson. A narrator told of a group of youngsters visiting the Kremlin. The children stood, awestruck, under a lighted window late at night, imagining Stalin to be working there. Said a boy actor:

"And then, I suppose, the light goes out and he—actually goes to sleep. Well, do you know, frankly, I simply can't imagine him going to sleep just like anyone else. No, no, I know it's silly. I know he must have sleep, like other people. But it's just that I can't imagine it, somehow. Not him. And do you know, whenever the sun rises over Moscow I always think it's he, Stalin, who switches on the light..."

Dear Georgy

"How old might this Gletkin be? ... He must have taken part in the Civil War and seen the outbreak of the Revolution as a mere boy. That was the generation that had started to think after the food. It had no tradition and no memories to bind it to the old, vanished world. It was a generation born without umbilical cord ... It is just such a generation of brutes that we need now."

—Comrade Rubashov in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*

The most powerful, most important Gletkin in the Soviet Union reached his 50th birthday last week. The tallowy face of Georgy Maximilianovich Malenkov glowered from the front page of every important newspaper in the land. As a birthday gift he got the Order of Lenin, Communism's highest decoration. The Kremlin's praise was laid on with a trowel:

"The Central Committee ... and Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R. warmly greet you, true pupil of Lenin and companion-in-arms of Stalin, outstanding leader of the Communist Party and the Soviet State, on your 50th birthday ... We wish you, our friend and comrade, dear Georgy Maximilianovich, many years of health..."

Special Significance. Such praise comes to each Soviet bigwig on his 50th and sometimes his 60th birthday. But there was something in the tone of the Malenkov birthday observance that vibrated political antennae all over the non-Communist world. Soviet censors allowed the Associated Press Moscow bureau to say that it "seemed to have design and special significance." The implication was that Georgy Malenkov, a New Bolshevik who was an adolescent when the Revolution began, had become the likely heir to the aged (72) and ailing Joseph Stalin.

Malenkov is the youngest, most vigorous of the men now within reach of Stalin's mantle, and his hand is on the most powerful political lever in Russia—the Soviet Communist Party apparatus with its 6,000,000 members. He grew to power



POLITBUROCRAT MALENKOV
Praise with a trowel.

with Stalin's help. He was studying mechanical engineering and bossing the Communist cell in Moscow's High Technological School when Stalin spotted him in the 1920s and whisked him off to be his personal secretary and snooper. He became known as Stalin's walking card-index file.

By 1941, cold-eyed Georgy Malenkov had grown strong enough to electrify a party conference with rousing attacks on Communist bureaucrats, "windbags" and "ignoramuses." Soon after, several commissioners were demoted and Polina Zhemchuzhina, wife of Vyacheslav Molotov, was booted out of her job as Commissar of the Fish Industry. Malenkov was honored with a junior membership in the Politburo, later became boss of the party apparatus.

Naps at the Office. During World War II he not only ran the party, but also directed Soviet tank and aircraft production. Often working around the clock for days at a time, except for short naps on a cot in his office, he sent plane production up to 40,000 a year. In March 1946 Malenkov became a full member of the Politburo, and a few months later a deputy Premier of the U.S.S.R. (all but two of the twelve Politburocrats are deputy Premiers). His power and influence swelled. Highly popular decrees revaluing the ruble and reducing prices were jointly signed by Stalin and Malenkov. When tributes to Stalin on his 70th birthday were published, Malenkov's got first play in the Russian papers. Georgy Malenkov has been the fat man at Stalin's elbow in recent group pictures of the Kremlin hierarchy.

Of all the top men in the Kremlin, he alone still affects the plain military tunic and cap Stalin made famous. He has been married twice, first to one of Molotov's secretaries, now to a Moscow actress. He has, like Koestler's Gletkin, no cord to the

outside world: he has never set foot on non-Communist soil, never been known to speak to Western newsmen or Western diplomats. In the few speeches comrade Malenkov has made for public consumption, perhaps the most memorable line is: "Can there be any doubt that a Third World War will become the grave for world-capitalism?"

The Big Three. Despite last week's demonstration, not all Western experts agree that Georgy Malenkov is clearly No. 2, for there is still Old Bolshevik Molotov, who has the seniority and prestige that goes with having helped Lenin hatch Communism. Molotov is still in high favor 35 years later. The experts prefer to put it negatively: it is no longer clear that Molotov outranks Malenkov. And not far behind is Lavrenty Beria, the mysterious, pince-nez master of the midnight arrest and lord of the slave camps, whose Gletkin-like climb has paralleled Malenkov's. But there have been signs that 52-year-old Beria is Malenkov's friend & ally, not his competitor.

Some think Stalin deliberately juggles the three men to save any one of them from the temptation to speed up the process of succession. Another theory: that Molotov, Malenkov and Beria might take over together after Stalin's death, to rule the Communist cosmos as a *troika* (triumvirate). Those who think this would not last long are increasingly putting their money on "Dear Georgy."

SPAIN

The Fleet's In

A thundering 21-gun salute from an unseen man-o-war rumbled in the fog off Barcelona harbor. Ancient Spanish cannon in the fort protecting the harbor bellowed their reply. Out of the mist loomed two U.S. cruisers and three destroyers. It was the U.S. Sixth Fleet's first operational visit in Franco's day, to Spain's well-sheltered Mediterranean ports. All told, 30 U.S. warships, including the 45,000-ton aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, the carrier *Tarawa* (27,000 tons) and three heavy cruisers, steamed into eight Spanish ports last week.

The Spanish, anxious for U.S. aid and hospitable by nature, worked hard to make the fleet feel at home. A U.S. sailor's white hat was enough to get him free streetcar rides, free tickets for movies; wine was on the house in many flamenco joints. No one took exception to U.S. wolf-whistles at the señoritas. The Falangist *Informacion Nacional* helpfully printed, in its own enthusiastic English, the complete text of President Truman's State of the Union "Speech." Falangist party bigwigs were ordered not to wear their black uniforms, or to give their Fascist salute while visiting U.S. ships.

Both sides made pretty speeches. In Majorca, Rear Admiral William S. Parsons announced: "The two most anti-Communist nations in Europe today are Turkey and Spain." Said pudgy Mayor Antonio Simarro of Barcelona, with a

beaming smile: "We are looking forward to our future alliance."

Then U.S. technical officers got down to the real purpose of their visit: to inspect Spanish port facilities. The Sixth Fleet has no real home in the Mediterranean. It wanders from Gibraltar to Suez, usually refueling at sea. U.S. admirals are dissatisfied with their allies' bases: Naples, the fleet's present headquarters, is too close to Russian bomber bases in the Balkans; Gibraltar and Malta are too small and too crowded.

In many ways, Spain's long, indented Mediterranean shoreline is ideal. But Sixth Fleet staff officers ruefully noted last week that not one of Spain's east coast ports has a deep enough channel to float the carrier *FDR*; Spanish cranes are too small, and drydocks, fuel tanks and warehouses are hopelessly inadequate to service U.S. capital ships. If Spain is to become a U.S. naval base, it will cost many pesetas.

GERMANY

Sippenhaft to You, Rudolf

Even though champagne sales were bubbling higher, especially exports to the U.S. and Japan, no smiles wreathed the face of Otto Henkell Jr., head of Henkell & Co., leading West German champagne house. Otto Henkell was having trouble in the family—Cousin Rudolf again. A West German court ruled that Otto must hire 31-year-old Cousin Rudolf, whose father, Joachim von Ribbentrop, was once a Henkell champagne salesman—and "not our best salesman, either," as Otto often said.

After Joachim von Ribbentrop was hanged as a Nazi war criminal in 1946, his widow Anneliese (nee Henkell) produced a legal compact that Henkell & Co. had been nudged into signing in 1942—when ex-Champagne Salesman von Ribbentrop was at the height of his power as Hitler's Foreign Minister. It stipulated that, if she requested it, son Rudolf would be appointed manager after he had worked for the firm two years.

Otto tried to buy up Anneliese's contract, offering nearly \$100,000. She refused. The dispute dragged along. In court last week, Otto pleaded with the judges: "People would feel offended receiving a letter signed by a Ribbentrop."

Not at all, said the judges: to throw out Frau von Ribbentrop's contract on such reasoning would be tantamount to *Sippenhaft*. Freely translated, *Sippenhaft* means the arrest or punishment of relatives for offenses done by another of the family—an old practice of Hitler's and Stalin's. The court's order: Otto must hire Cousin Rudolf within two years, make him a partner in another two years. By that time, January 1956, the learned court predicted, Western civilization will no longer be scared away or horrified by the name of Ribbentrop.

Said Otto grimly: Cousin Rudolf "will be put in a job where he can do the least possible harm."

AUSTRIA

Pioneer Fascist

Austria's prewar democracy had many pallbearers, but the most prominent, after Adolf Hitler, was a good-looking young blueblood named Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg. He was a fascist when the world barely knew what the word meant. In 1923, he stood by Hitler's side in the unsuccessful Munich beer hall *Putsch*. Back in Austria, he was fond of bleating such sentiments as: "We have much in common with the German Nazis . . . Austria will go fascist sooner or later. Better sooner than later . . . Asiatic heads [meaning Jews] will soon roll in the sands." In 1934, his green-shirted



PRINCE VON STARHEMBERG
\$20 million or nothing.

private army, the *Heimwehr* (Home Guard), attacked social democratic Vienna, beat up and murdered hundreds of Socialists. When the *Heimwehr* finished, it had obliterated Austria's one solid bloc of resistance to Nazism.

Starhemberg in the '30s seemed to be riding the wave of the future. But he made one great error. At a time when Hitler and Mussolini were still at odds, he chose the wrong fascist as his patron. With Mussolini footing the bills, he fought the Nazi *Anschluss*. When the Nazis finally took over the Austria that he had so diligently weakened, one of their first acts was to confiscate the Starhemberg castles and estates.

The prince next popped up in 1940 wearing the uniform of De Gaulle's Free French air force. Soon afterward he went to Argentina, where he teamed with old friend Fritz Mandl, onetime Austrian munitions-maker who had also been on the wrong fascist. Mandl, now doing business with Perón, put Starhemberg up in style, but the prince yearned for his own acres.

Last week, for a while, he came close to

getting them back. Acting under a law restoring property confiscated by the Nazis, the Austrian courts ruled that the pioneer fascist was a victim of the fascists and ordered the return to him of 18 castles, hundreds of dwellings, mines, vineyards, 21,000 fertile acres—worth, in all, over \$20,000,000.

But the Socialists, again Austria's No. 2 party, had not forgotten. They had waited 17 years for this day. They called protest meetings, "flash" strikes in streetcars and buses. The Communists got into the act too. They, as well as the Socialists, made speeches in Parliament demanding a special statute barring Starhemberg from benefiting by the restitution law. At week's end, it seemed a good bet that Prince von Starhemberg wouldn't get back his estates after all.

UGANDA

The Crocodile Hazard

"If a ball comes to rest within dangerous proximity to a crocodile," runs one of the ground rules at a golf club in Uganda, "another ball may be dropped." Crocodiles have always been a hazard in equator-straddling Uganda, but until recently the creatures have stayed pretty close to the territory's lakes, swamps and rivers. Last week they were crawling all over the place. "Look out," a newly posted notice warned motorists on a roadside in Mubende. "Crocodiles are lying in wait for you."

According to native superstition, the trouble began in Sacred Crocodile Lake, where, 60 years or more ago, King Mwanga used to hurl human sacrifices to feed the beasts. Mwanga thought the crocodiles embodied the spirits of his ancestors, but after his death an enlightened colonial government put the beasts on a diet of fish. Later, the government cleaned them out of the lake altogether—or thought it did. But last week, an alert game warden discovered one little four-foot croc still in residence. Ah, said the natives, old Mwanga himself. A hunt began, and the little croc vanished.

Two days later, torrential rains poured down on the territory. Rivers overflowed their banks, lakes poured over and inundated the valleys, swamp waters rose over the roads winding through them. Borne on the flood, crocodiles slithered everywhere, seeking—said the terrified natives—revenge on the white man for his sacrilege.

In the midst of the deluge and the panic, the Sacred Lake itself burst its banks and ran dry. For old Mwanga's grandson, 27-year-old King Edward Frederick William David Walugembe Mutebi Luwangula Mutesa II, this was the most worrisome blow of all. A local legend holds that when the Sacred Lake runs dry, the King must die. Cambridge-educated King Mutesa II does not believe such legends; his chief fear is that his restless subjects, who are not Cambridge-educated, might use force to carry out the old prophecy.

Knocking on wood
is an unreliable way
to forestall misfortune.

But
it can minimize
the financial hurt
of misfortune

if

the wood
is your door
and the hand is
the hand of a
Travelers agent.



The Travelers

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

"City of Enterprise"

In Brazil, the "land of tomorrow," São Paulo is the city of today. Last week in São Paulo, Brazil's second city, a filling-station attendant watched a convoy of new trucks rolling down the highway to Rio, straight through a blinding tropical storm. Said he, with matter-of-fact pride: "Paulistas don't stop for anything." High in his 27-story skyscraper, a businessman explained judiciously: "We are Brazil. Without us, what would there be?"

São Paulo is the world's fastest-growing major city; since 1890, its population has shot from 65,000 to 2,250,000. Located squarely on the Tropic of Capricorn some 5,000 miles south and east of New York, it is the southern hemisphere's most dynamic community, the economic powerhouse of the vast republic of Brazil. A palm-studded metropolis, exuberantly expanding under the leadership of some of the world's hardest-working, toughest-trading enterprisers, it is a kind of tropical Chicago.

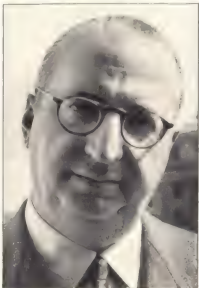
São Paulo boasts the most impressive skyline anywhere outside the U.S. Land at its financial core, the bank-packed downtown Triangle, sells for as much as Wall Street real estate. Modern buildings are pulled down to make way for bigger skyscrapers. On the average, a new building is finished every 50 minutes the year round. Air traffic is greater than that of London Airport. Though broad boulevards have been hacked through the city to channel the swelling flow of workers and shoppers, traffic congestion gets worse & worse. São Paulo has 15,000 industrial plants and millionaires' mansions such as the U.S. has not seen since the days of Carnegie and Frick. It has burgeoning suburbs of bougainvillea-clad bungalows for the new middle classes, and white-collar workers' cottages along streets that peter out into raw slashes in the red earth.

The Way West. The key to such phenomenal expansion is the individual and collective drive of the *Paulistas*, who since they built their city on a broad shelf nearly 3,000 ft. above sea level, escape the enervating climate of the tropical lowlands. Drawn by good land and climate, nearly 1,000,000 European immigrants, mainly Italian, surged into São Paulo state at the turn of the century, just when the city was ready to get up & go. Out of the melting pot of older Brazilians, Italians, Portuguese, Spaniards, Germans, Levantines and Japanese emerged the *Paulista*, cockily claiming a spiritual relationship with the swashbuckling *bandeirantes* (flag bearers) who founded São Paulo in 1554. Those hardy adventurers roamed so deep into the backlands, enslaving Indians for coastal sugar plantations, that they broke the Pope's line dividing the New World between Portugal and Spain, and carved out half the continent for what is now Brazil.

The modern *bandeirantes* began to roll

in 1867, when the British built a railroad up the beetling cliffs between São Paulo and the port of Santos. A coffee boom followed, and for 50 years or so, coffee was the life blood of São Paulo. The state of São Paulo still has more than a billion coffee trees, one-fourth of the world's total, but its coffee land is playing out; the nearest big plantation is now two hours' drive from the capital.

Even before coffee began to give out, São Paulo's industry got a running start from one of the greatest engineering feats on earth. The city stands near the Atlantic brink of a broad plateau whose rivers drain away to the west and finally to the sea 1,000 miles away in Argentina. In



COUNT FRANCISCO MATARAZZO JR.
Paulistas don't stop for anything.

1922, Asa Billings, an Omaha-born, Harvard-educated engineer for São Paulo's Canadian-owned power company, got the idea of damming these rivers and guiding their waters back over the 2,400-ft. palisades to the Atlantic. Magnificently successful, Billings' complex of tunnels, pumps, penstocks and turbines at Serra do Mar produced more electricity than any but the world's two or three biggest dams and made possible the industrial prodigies that *Paulistas* have since accomplished.

Cutting the Pie. Today, the state of São Paulo's 34,000 factories and 700,000 industrial workers turn out half of Brazil's industrial goods. The city consumes more electric power per residential customer than Chicago. Nearly half Brazil's foreign trade funnels through the port of Santos. São Paulo makes 10 million shirts a year, 1,500,000 tires, 721 elevators, 1,000,000 aluminum automobile pistons.

In the clanging metropolis of lathes, spindles and plentiful credit, fortunes are made in a few years. Most enterprisers

expand frenetically, cut the pie in a quick, cold-eyed killing, then move on to bigger things. Declared industrial profits average 18%—but many a *Paulista* would not touch a deal for less than 100%. Taxes are low, and collection is lax. In an atmosphere as favorable to freewheeling enterprise as the U.S. in President Grant's time, 100% profit is an attainable goal. At least 500 *Paulistas* have made their million (in terms of U.S. dollars), and 1,000 more are nearing the mark.

Of all São Paulo's freewheelers, the biggest and freest is Count Francisco Matarazzo Jr., 51, who may well enjoy the world's largest personal income (after taxes). From his pigskin-paneled countinghouse above São Paulo's Viaducto do Chã, the count* runs his 300 enterprises (textiles, cereals, shipping, refining) in the style of a 16th century Florentine prince. Big, bleak and impeccably dressed, the count operates from a deep couch in the corner of his immense office. Across the room is a board with vertical lines of electric buttons. At a sign from the count, an attendant leaps forward, then leaps back to punch whichever button the count indicates. The buzzer-button system calls the count's top executives into his presence. The employee answers the count's question, receives his instructions, then bows his way backward from the count's presence, careful to avoid a pratfall over a wastebasket or another vice president.

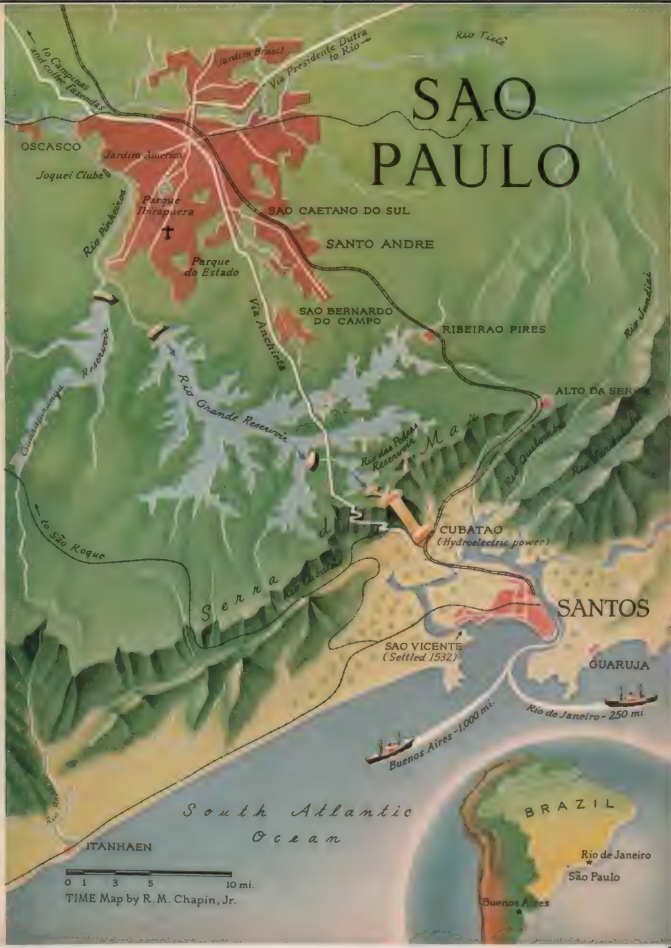
A Party for the Bride. The count inherited his empire from his father, a pushcart peddler who emigrated from Italy in 1881, founded a lard-rendering business and then expanded almost as fast as São Paulo itself. His son has tripled the empire and is still abounding. Though his announced net profits last year were \$17.5 million, the count is notoriously coy about what he actually makes. His personal fortune tops \$100 million. He is building a Roman Catholic cathedral. When his daughter Filomena (Fifi) got married a few years ago, he staged a fabulous reception, with special trains to help haul the 2,000 guests, and gold vanity-case souvenirs for all the ladies.

São Paulo's No. 1 political enterpriser is Adhemar de Barros. A big, breezy, bumptious man, Adhemar introduced modern machine politics to Brazil, now refers casually to Getúlio Vargas as "the man I elected President." He leaves no doubt that he considers himself Vargas' heir. After eight years as governor, he retired from office temporarily in 1950. Adhemar is one of Brazil's richest men, with large interests in São Paulo airlines, textiles and candy manufacture, a fortune well above the \$50 million mark.

A Cascade for Baby. Youngest among São Paulo's big operators is handsome Francisco ("Baby"), Pignatari, 34. Against

* The title was conferred in 1917 by Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, in recognition of Matarazzo family charities.

SAO PAULO





PUBLIC LIBRARY is a monument to São Paulo builders' upward drive.



SPECTACULAR SKYLINE (and spacious Avenida 9 de Julho approach)

Kurt Klagbrunn Photos



SANTOS HARBOR, world's No. 1 coffee port, is shipping key to São Paulo's fabulous growth; its four miles of docks accommodate 35 ships.



testifies to the booming prosperity of Brazil's industrial pace setter.



NEW BANK BUILDINGS look down on Coke tower and the City Hall.



VIA ANCHIETA, from São Paulo to Santos, weaves 34 miles through Serra do Mar (2,600 feet here); new oil pipeline follows this route.



IPIRANGA MUSEUM commemorates Brazil's 1822 independence; express-studded park and majestic fountains attract Sunday picnickers.



JARDIM AMÉRICA is São Paulo's swankiest residential section, where \$10,000-&-up homes range from Portuguese colonial to sleek modern.



GUARUJÁ BEACH, on the glistening blue Atlantic, lures weekenders the year round. Patrons of hotel pool (*cabare*) must have a bill of health.

the granite-faced opposition of his uncle, Count Matarazzo, Baby took over his family's metals plant a few years ago and made it into the largest nonferrous rolling mill in South America. For his redheaded fiancée, Nelita Alves de Lima, Baby is building a million-dollar house in suburban Santo Amaro with two Turkish baths, a shooting gallery, a bowling alley and an outdoor swimming pool. It will also have a 130-ft. indoor swimming pool with a cascade of water 30 ft. wide and 21 ft. high at one end. By swimming through his waterfall, Baby will find himself in a grotto equipped with bar, bath and bed.

Returning from Paris recently, a *Paulista* friend brought Baby's bride-to-be a Cartier cigarette lighter adorned with a sapphire as big as a robin's egg. The friend was São Paulo's fabulous press lord, Assis Chateaubriand, 60, who shares Baby's dislike for Matarazzo and likes to print whole pages of pictures of underpaid Matarazzo workers and their crowded hovels. "Chatô's" head office, two of his 28 newspapers and one of his TV stations are in São Paulo. So is his new Museu de Arte. In a city of self-made millionaires, Chatô is a self-appointed propagandist for the arts and cultural tutor to tycoons. His own taste is excellent, and the museum's collection is a good one (including Rembrandt, El Greco, Portinari).

Catalogues in Bed. Practical to the hilt, São Paulo contrasts violently with lethargic Rio. The federal capital's easygoing citizens often spend hours sipping sweet black coffee at sidewalk cafés and watching the girls go by. *Paulistas* rush through their noisy streets with elbowing brusqueness, gulp their coffee at stand-up counters, and queue up four deep for buses in the square. Matarazzo's father used to rise daily at 5, after waking and reading machinery catalogues in bed for an hour. Present-day *Paulistas* often hold board

meetings at 7 a.m. They scorn Rio's business and professional men, many of whom are just settling down to their desks when *Paulistas* knock off for lunch at 11:30 or 12.

When they do play, *Paulistas* play hard. They gamble recklessly at cards and the race track. They dash off for strenuous weekends of swimming at Santos and Guarujá, boating at Lake Santo Amaro, riding in the cool mountains at Campos do Jordão. They flock by the thousands to *futebol* matches. But for *Paulistas*, rich and poor, home is still the center of society. Though the richest *Paulistas* sometimes go out to such spots as the Clube 550 and the tiny Russian L'Hermitage, their real magnificence is reserved for their mansions, where they can entertain in a style to recall the levees of Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Count Matarazzo's São Paulo home is a



© Peter C. Scholer
ASSIS CHATEAUBRIAND
For culture, Rembrandt.

marble palace staffed by 30 servants. Luiz Medici, another multimillionaire industrialist (plastics), has just presented his wife with a new building on their estate consisting of a music room, dining room, bar and private art gallery. The richest *Paulista* women probably spend more money on their wardrobes than any other women in the world.

Just Like Detroit. American enterprisers love São Paulo—the brisk, efficient way things get done; the high-quality labor; the pretty, prosperous suburbs. Said a U.S. businessman: "I can understand this. It's like Detroit. I feel right at home."

Much of São Paulo's forward surge has been foreign-financed, with the U.S. lately in the van. General Motors, which assembles cars in a \$2,500,000 plant in São Paulo, this year plans to turn out 20,000 Frigidaires as well. Ford's new \$10 million plant is expected to assemble 30,000 trucks and cars a year. Anderson Clayton,



BABY PIGNATARI
For play, a grotto.

with South America's largest insecticide plant, fertilizer plants, six cottonseed crushing mills and 47 cotton gins, is also Brazil's No. 1 cotton exporter. Sears, Roebuck's huge department store dominates São Paulo's retail market. Other blue-chip U.S. firms expanding in São Paulo: International Harvester, Firestone, Otis Elevator.

Springtime for Henry. The boom roars on. "We ourselves are astounded," said a *Paulista* last week. "Last month it was an empty lot. Then I go back and there's a new factory." Another made the point more cannily: "Go out in any direction and buy land—swamp, hillside or anything. That land will be worth ten times what you paid for it before long."

Are there roadblocks ahead for all this expansion? Is it good for the long haul? São Paulo's old support, agriculture, is in a decline. Lately, its industry's rate of productivity per worker has also slipped. Most important of all, its costs of production remain inefficiently high. That is mainly because São Paulo's economy still operates on a high-profit, low-volume formula based on a haunting suspicion that the golden days might not last and the time to cash in is now. As long as São Paulo-made refrigerators sell for at least three times more than U.S. models, the structure of São Paulo industry will have serious potential weaknesses.

With its fantastic ambition, prospects and profiteering zest, São Paulo stands now about where the U.S. stood at the end of the Gilded Age. The time is ripe for a home-grown Henry Ford to show these new industrialists how to make really big money by paying productive wages, adopting the techniques of mass production, and selling more for less. On its record of communal resourcefulness, São Paulo can and should produce the man to show the way.



Kurt Klagsbrunn
ADHEMAR DE BARROS
For politics, a machine.

PEOPLE

Slings & Arrows

At a Beverly Hills theater, while watching a showing of *Red Badge of Courage*, Cinemactor **James Mason** took part in an unscheduled, action-packed short subject. His later version of what happened: "This guy a few rows ahead of me was talking so loud I couldn't hear the dialogue. This went on for about 15 minutes. Finally I couldn't stand it any more. I got out of my seat and walked down to where he was sitting and said: 'Damn it, shut up, will you? I can't hear the movie.' Then I slapped him." Peering closely, Mason suddenly recognized his man as Playwright-Lyricist **William (Hello, Out There) Saroyan**. "So I said: 'Oh, hello, Bill. Shut up, will you?' Then I went back to my seat."

In Washington for a guest appearance with the National Symphony, Britain's terrier-tempered Conductor **Sir Thomas Beecham** was introduced to *Post Music Critic Paul Hume*, who a year ago got threats from the White House for being unimpressed by Singer **Margaret Truman's** voice. "Why, sir!" roared the British visitor. "I want to shake your hand. I consider you one of the national heroes." Then Sir Thomas had an afterthought: "My God, now the President will never come to my concert!"

After a Chicago revival of Shaw's *Candida*, the *Daily News's* Columnist Sydney J. Harris heaped eight paragraphs of praise on the play itself, on G.B.S., on *Candida* as his favorite Shaw heroine, on most of the players, and added kind words for the staging and the set. His review ended with a one-sentence stinger: "The title role is taken by Miss **Olivia de Havilland**, a motion picture actress." *Tribune* Critic **Claudia Cassidy** found Olivia "an interruption,

nothing more." The verdict of the actress' 27-month-old son, Benjamin, made it unanimous: "The curtain goes up and my mommy comes out and talks and talks and talks."

Change of Pace

At Waikiki Beach, pretty **Nina ("Honey Bear") Warren**, visiting Hawaii with her father, California's Governor **Earl Warren**, cavorted in the surf on well-turned legs that are still regaining strength after her successful fight against a polio attack a year ago.

Oldtime Airman **Bert Acosta**, 57, headliner of the '20s, turned up in a Manhattan restaurant, down on his luck and ill with tuberculosis. Whisked off to a hospital, he got a get-well letter from Rear Admiral (ret.) **Richard E. Byrd**, who flew across the Atlantic after **Charles A. Lindbergh** in 1927, with **Bernie Bolchen** (now an Air Force colonel) and Acosta as copilots.

Do brains handicap a girl? Said Cinemactress **Vanessa Brown**, 23, a onetime radio Quiz Kid: "Not if she keeps them well hidden—behind a low neckline."

On her way to an engagement at a Miami nightclub, Egyptian Cooch Dancer **Samia Gamal**, bride of Texas Playboy (Shepherd) **Abdullah King**, sniffed the U.S. air, announced that American women "use too much soap. I take a bath twice every week, and the other days I sponge myself with olive oil. It would be better if American girls shined a little."

Men of Distinction

In Pakistan, the Ismaili Moslem sect decided to give their spiritual leader, the **Aga Khan**, his birthday in platinum on his 75th birthday next week. Platinic worth of his approximate 240 lbs.: \$300,000—



Associated Press

NINA WARREN
Progress at Waikiki.

\$1,000,000 less than the 243½ lbs. in diamonds he got in 1946.

Nuclear Physicist **Enrico Fermi**, 1938 Nobel Prize winner, who started the first controlled nuclear chain reaction, dropped in at the University of Rochester, picked up a Doctor of Science degree, his eighth honorary diploma.

The U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce announced its "ten outstanding young men of 1951." On the list: Helicopter Designer **Stanley Hiller Jr.**, 27; **Gordon B. McLendon**, 30, president of the mushrooming (443 stations) Liberty Broadcasting System; Air Force Colonel **Francis S. Goble**, 32, Korean air ace, who last week bagged his fourth MIG; Publisher **John H. Johnson**, 33, who nine years ago, on a \$500 shoestring, started the nation's No. 1 string of Negro magazines (*Ebony*, *Jet*, etc.); **Donald R. Wilson**, 34, national commander of the American Legion.

Cardinal **Spellman** was greeted in Formosa by Generalissimo and Mme. **Chiang Kai-shek**, reported that 300 Catholic Chinese prisoners of war in Korea had begged him to try to get them to Formosa to join the Nationalist troops.

After a 17-mile race through a mounting North Carolina blizzard, Mississippi's Democratic Representative **John E. Rankin** was arrested by a highway patrolman, charged with careless and reckless driving. Ol' John's futile defense: congressional immunity to arrest except for "treason, felony, or a breach of the peace."

Conductor **Leopold Stokowski**, 69, postponed a Minneapolis concert, took up a vigil at the Manhattan bedside of wife **Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski**, 27, to await the arrival of their second child.



Associated Press

CARDINAL SPELLMAN & CHIANG
A message to Formosa.

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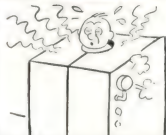
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NEEDS

Still Champion

Things were really popping that night at *Café Istanbul* (Sun, 9:15 p.m., ABC). Someone had fired a shot at the nervous little man just in from Iran. Was it oily-voiced Achille Zazsrewska? Or was it Christopher Gard, the hard-boiled American whose dialogue had an oldtime Hemingway flavor ("You remember the Place de la Concorde. You remember it fine")? Or it might even have been suave Raoul Felki, the Turkish commissioner of police.

Some radio listeners last week tried to puzzle their way through *Café Istanbul's* chaotic plot. But others were content just to listen to the clinging, faintly accented voice of Marlene Dietrich, who opened her new radio series as the Café's owner. As she has countless times since the classic *Blue Angel*, Marlene played the same romantic, *Weltschmerz* role and whispered snatches of French and German songs. Some listeners may have felt cheated because Marlene was limited to a few choruses of *La Vie en Rose* and four bars of a song in German. "It's a hell of a job to do a dramatic show in half an hour," she explains with a shrug. "There isn't time for singing because you have to worry about character and plot."

Marlene worries about plot so much that she stayed up with her typewriter until three o'clock one morning, pecking out 17 pages of script revisions for the first show. "She's a worker, a hard worker," says Producer Leonard Blair admiringly. "She really rolls up her sleeves. Her suggestions are very good."

But once she's away from the studio, Marlene is apt to turn languid. "Acting just happens to be my profession," she says. "I could live very well without it. I have no ambition. I've never had the message. I'm afraid that all my life I've needed a push and never done things for myself." She recalls that Noel Coward recently described her as a realist and a clown: "He's right. Of course, I never show my clown side to the public. It doesn't go with the other thing I advertise."

The "other thing" gets a thorough workout in *Café Istanbul*, as it has in most of her movies. Broadway may get its first chance to see it this fall, if Marlene decides to do Jacques Deval's new play, *Samarkand*. As for television: "I don't want to get into it yet. I'm waiting for it to get better. After all, I'll have to defend my title."

Operation Frontal Lobes

For the past four months, NBC has been engaged in an earnest conspiracy directed at U.S. televisioners. Its commendable purpose, as explained by NBC's dedicated Vice President Davidson Taylor: to smuggle cultural and educational tidbits into the network's TV schedule. Says Taylor: "We all have on our consciences the power of the medium at our disposal. The ideas don't come from a few people off in



Gary Wagner

MARLENE DIETRICH

Both *Weltschmerz* and the other thing, a corner—they start at the top with General Sarnoff and go down to every single TV producer."

Getting culture into the Milton Berle show might have daunted even harder men than NBC's executives. It was accomplished by having Milton go offstage while Vice President Alben Barkley came on, to talk about Abraham Lincoln. *Howdy Doody* was swung into line with a children's newsreel, and *The Aldrich Family* contributed its mite by devoting one show to a discussion of the basic types of English sentence structure.

Beginning this week, every NBC-TV



Roy Stevens

DAVIDSON TAYLOR

Both *Socrates* and *Howdy Doody*.

producer will be asked to turn in a monthly report listing what he has done to contribute to the "enlightenment" of the TV audience. If he has done nothing, he must say why. Taylor, believing that enlightenment can become a part of the regular stream of commercial programs, says: "We're beginning to get the right atmosphere. The boys are trying to think of things to do."

Part of the plan has been dubbed "operation Frontal Lobes," and includes programs on the history of the U.S. Navy, the trial and death of Socrates, the communal experiment of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the physical nature of man, and special documentaries devoted to such subjects as the black market in the adoption of babies. Not all these projects may reach the TV screen, because, admits Taylor, "in this area there is a fairly high mortality among ideas."

Some commercial shows have, so far, baffled the network's biggest brains. How, they wonder, can culture be slipped even edgewise into such programs as Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life* and the *Red Skelton Show*?

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 18. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Polio Fund Show (Sat. 10:05 a.m., CBS). Helen Hayes, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontaine, Ethel Merman, Alec Templeton, each giving "My Best Five Minutes."

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Gianni Schicchi*, with Baccaloni, Peters, Madeira; and *Salome*, with Wellich, Svanholm.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Tommy*, with Betty Hutton, Thomas Mitchell.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, with Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo.

Hollywood Theater (Tues. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Barry Fitzgerald in *The Greener Point*.

Musical Comedy Theater (Wed. 8 p.m., Mutual). *The Cuban Love Song*, with Alfred Drake, Olga San Juan.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). *The Men I Marry*, with Diana Lynn, John Ireland.

Basketball (Sat. 9 p.m., ABC). Pennsylvania v. Dartmouth.

American Youth Forum (Sat. 5 p.m., NBC). Guest: Senator Robert A. Taft.

Mr. I. Magination (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). Toplight children's show finally returns to the air.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Eddie Cantor.

Star Theater (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Milton Berle, back from vacation.

Celanese Theater (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). June Havoc in *Anna Christie*.



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MUSIC

Page One Stuff

Tin Pan Alley reads the papers. One day last week, fascinated by a running Page One story, Leeds Music Corp. set Tunesmiths Larry Clinton and Herb Hender to work. Clinton & Hender were held up a bit because of their uncertainty as to just how the story was going to turn out. But 48 hours from scratch, they had their song recorded (for King Records), and by next day Manhattan radio stations were booming it on the air. Chorus:

All hail to the skippers
With fate beyond the skies,
All hail to the skipper
Of the Flying Enterprise.

Too Much Perfection

Robert Shaw, something of a prodigy at his profession, was nagged by doubt. Only 32, the top chorus master in the U.S., he was bossing his own 185-voice amateur Collegiate Chorale (sometimes broken down into smaller groups, e.g., the RCA Victor Chorale, the Columbia Choral) and preparing the choral parts for Toscanini's broadcasts of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, Verdi's *Falstaff*, *Requiem*. But, as he diagnosed himself, "I don't handle the orchestra as well as the singers and I want to find out why." He promised himself a two-year breather to find the answer. Chasing off to Europe, he listened to a few concerts, then bounded back to the U.S., convinced that "I could do a lot more real work sitting on my tail in Scarsdale."

Last week Bob Shaw was back in Carnegie Hall with proof that, wherever he has been sitting for the past 24 months, he has found some of the answers—if not yet all the right ones. For the first of an



SINGER RAY
He wept.

ambitious series of seven concerts featuring choral "masterworks" since Bach, he presented his professional 40-voice Robert Shaw Chorale arranged behind a 45-piece orchestra. In the opening Mozart *Requiem* he proved that he now has one of the most highly trained and carefully blended chorus-and-orchestra combinations in the world, capable of far more clarity than a booming mass chorus and far more power than the usual smaller ensemble. In three intricate *chansons* by Debussy and three more by Ravel, his singers performed with gymnastic precision. Finally they went on to the first U.S. performance of Bela Bartok's exotic secular cantata, *The Enchanted Deer*, and handled it with perfect form and ease.

The ensemble's perfection seemed to lack only one thing: spontaneity. The crescendos and diminuendos were somehow too smooth, the phrases too surgically sanitary. Some of Shaw's listeners, though filled with admiration, felt a bit like Richard Strauss when he complained to the musicians of the Boston Symphony in 1904: "You play finely, but a little too finely. I want some roughness here."

Like Mossadegh

Johnny Ray, a 25-year-old Oregon lad with an inordinate love of salt water in small quantities, has just set something of a record in the music business. In eight fast weeks, his recording of *Cry* (with *The Little White Cloud That Cried* on the other side) has sold 1,000,000 copies. Singer Ray's gimmick: tears.

Ray drops tears as easily as Mossadegh. His Columbia recording is flooded with them, on both sides. Ray admits that "I don't have a voice, I've got a style. I can't read music. I don't even like to listen to my own voice." In night-

club performances, his stentorian sobbing sometimes so unlines him that he has to rush offstage to compose himself.

Johnny began fulfilling himself as a professional singer when he was 15, working on a Portland radio show. After that, he played smalltime nightclubs from coast to coast, developing his new style ("It's like wine that mellows with age"). His first big splash came last fall in Cleveland. Later on, in a Buffalo club, Johnny really made headway: two women fainted. In six months, his asking price jumped from \$90 to \$2,000. Other income: a percentage of record sales plus composer's royalties on *Little White Cloud*, which he wrote himself.

The Year's Best

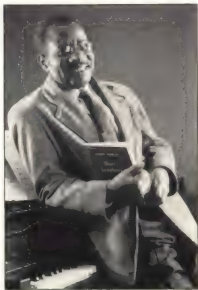
Recognition has been a long time in coming to Negro Composer Howard Swanson, 42. Swanson knew at the age of nine that he wanted to be a musician, but he was 21 before he was able to begin well-rounded training. Working nights in a post office to support his family, he managed to put himself through the Cleveland Institute of Music. He won a fellowship to study composition in Paris. When the Germans took over, he fled to Spain, then returned to the U.S. and a routine job with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He went on composing in his fourth-floor Harlem walk-up at night.

He wrote some songs, and one of them, sung by Marian Anderson, finally got his name on the Carnegie Hall program. Among his other compositions he wrote two symphonies, and last season one of them brought him further recognition. Dimitri Mitropoulos, a conductor always on the lookout for new works for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, studied the score of Swanson's *Short Symphony* (his second), gave it a first performance in Carnegie Hall, and later included it in his Edinburgh Festival program. It was rich in



CONDUCTOR SHAW
He rebounded.

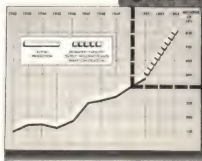
Graphic House



COMPOSER SWANSON
He won.

Ray Stevens

Years of Historic Progress in Aluminum



Above: Reynolds immediate goal of increased aluminum production. At left: a decade of expanding primary aluminum production—a historic chapter in the company's 33 years of continuing growth.

1951 saw the U.S. aluminum industry rise boldly to meet the urgent need for more aluminum . . . saw Reynolds capacity expand to make 1952 an even greater year, 1953 greater still! Bauxite shipments from Reynolds holdings in Jamaica, site of the largest known deposits, begin in 1952. This resource, together with Reynolds domestic and Haitian ores, will provide the company with bauxite for many generations.

Reynolds is a leading advocate of *more aluminum* . . . more U.S. aluminum, made in the U.S. by U.S. labor, to strengthen this nation's defense and its civilian economy. For Reynolds firmly believes that the Age of

Aluminum, though opening wide and bright in so many fields, is only just dawning . . . in the building industry, transportation, the electrical industry, in the manufacture of all durables, and in aluminum foil packaging.

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Reynolds new San Patricio reduction plant, near Corpus Christi, Texas—yearly capacity 150,000,000 lbs.—is nearing completion. A new alumina plant, 1,000 tons per day, is proposed nearby—integrated operation from ore to metal.



Reynolds loading dock at Ocho Rios, Jamaica. Rich bauxite from Reynolds Jamaican mines will reach this dock by overhead conveyors, for transportation in special self-unloading ships over the short ocean haul to Corpus Christi.



Reduction plant at Jones Mills, Ark. Another Arkansas plant is proposed for 1953 operation—120,000,000 lbs. This would bring Reynolds yearly output to 825,000,000 lbs.—two-and-a-half times the U.S. total before World War II.



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melody and vigorous in rhythm, pleasing if not musically adventurous.

Last week Howard Swanson got another boost. The New York Music Critics Circle judged *Short Symphony* (twelve minutes) the best new orchestral work heard in Manhattan last season.

Other winners: Bohuslav Martinu's *Comedy on the Bridge* (best new opera), Benjamin Britten's *Spring Symphony* (best choral work), William Schuman's *Judith* (best dance score), Gian-Carlo Menotti's TV opera *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (a special citation to Menotti and NBC).

Bing's Birthday

Slouched glumly in his rehearsal seat, Rudolf Bing blinked at the unscheduled little scene on the Metropolitan Opera stage. An impromptu chorus of stagehands was standing among the singers, bellowing *Happy Birthday to You*, and looking at him. Bing recalled that it was indeed his birthday, his 50th. He rose with a reflex smile. "Thank you, thank you," he said. "Those," he added wryly, "were the first words this afternoon that I could understand."

General Manager Bing had been listening to a rehearsal of the Metropolitan Opera's third opera in English this season. The first two, *Fledermaus* and *Così fan Tutte*, were brilliant hits, in which almost every word came through clearly. But after listening to his singers maim a new translation of Puccini's one-act comic opera, *Gianni Schicchi*, Bing was about ready to concede that it might as well be sung in Bantu. In this, as it turned out at the performance the next night, Bing had merely anticipated public opinion.

The singers were in good voice. All of them acted their parts with lively bumpiness, which was appropriate enough, since *Gianni Schicchi* is broad farce set to thin musical fare, and it needs all the guffaws it can get. But most of the time, only the strenuous antipasto English of Basso Salvatore Baccaloni in the title role could be clearly understood. The English-speaking singers mumbled through their mother tongue as if their diction could be taken for granted.

And *Gianni Schicchi* was just half of Bing's troubles that night. The second short opera on his double bill was Richard Strauss's lurid *Salome*, and this time the ear fared better than the eye.

Conductor Fritz Reiner whipped his orchestra through a vivid and powerful performance. Most of the singing was first-rate. But the main event, the sensuous "Dance of the Seven Veils," by red-haired Ljuba Welitch, was a decided let-down. Back from Vienna for her first appearance this season, Soprano Welitch sang in a voice as electric as ever, but as she stripped herself of her veils, it became amply clear that Viennese cooking has more than agreed with her. The irreverent *Daily News* found her somewhat grotesque gyrations "hilariously funny... She bounces."

It was enough to make the manager of the Met feel fully so.

Imperial

BY CHRYSLER



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RELIGION

The Dominicans' Door

... The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.
—Matthew 11:12

The plotters met by night, first in one farmhouse, then in another. The Central Action Committee kept its network of subcommittees informed of changes in the plan, and every man was suspicious of all but his oldest friends. An underground handbill proclaimed to the faint-hearted: "The voice of the people is the voice of God!" Citizens of the little Dutch city of Huissen (pop. 7,340) had determined to break down the door of the Dominican chapel.

It was not that the staunchly Roman Catholic citizens had anything against the Dominicans. Ever since monks of the order founded their monastery in 1858, the farm folk had grown more & more fond of them. To Huissen's sandy soil the Dominicans brought vines and seedlings, and they persuaded the peasants to change from tobacco growing to truck farming. To Huissen's people they brought what seemed to be a wiser, less worldly understanding of the secrets of the confessional. Even those who still went to Mass at one of Huissen's two parish churches began to bring their sins to the Dominican fathers.

Axes or Ram? But the parish priests were grieved. How could they minister to the parish if they heard no confessions? On the last Sunday of December, they had the satisfaction of reading from their pulpits a letter from Bernard Alfrink, the archbishop coadjutor of Utrecht. The letter announced that thereafter the Dominican chapel would be closed to the public and that the Dominicans would soon be moved to another district. Huissen's worried citizens wondered what to do. The town council had an idea: it sent a unanimous resolution to the papal nuncio in The Hague, asking him to put the town's reaction before the Pope. Then someone—no one remembers who—recalled an old Dutch tradition: once the people break into a closed church, it has to stay open. That was all the action committee needed.

The committee thought first of chopping the door down, then of battering it in with a ram, finally of just taking it off its hinges. D-day was set for Sunday at 5 a.m. But as the day drew near, everyone got the jitters. The burgomaster, feeling his responsibilities, grew nervous and asked for police reserves; he was promised 30 men for Sunday morning. The action committee countered by shifting H-hour to 1 a.m. But on Saturday afternoon, three young men of Huissen met in a café, decided that the police might easily forestall everything by arriving even earlier. Over two sherries and a beer, they agreed on a plan of their own.

Tearing & Cracking. The hour was set for 9:45 Saturday evening. At 8:45 the three told two trusted friends of their



CHURCHBREAKERS IN HUISSSEN
Someone recalled on old Dutch tradition.

plans. At 9:15 they told 20 more. Just before 9:45, the 25 conspirators crept along the dark lanes behind the chapel. With the help of a carpenter, they could have opened the locked door easily, but they foresaw that it would be just as easy for the police to close it again. They heaved at one of the double doors with a crowbar. Finally it came loose with a loud tearing and cracking, and they lugged it away to a nearby garden and dumped it among the cabbages. Then they went to a café and celebrated over coffee and Dutch gin.

The word spread like lightning, and by the time Huissen's Saturday-night moviegoers had left the last showing of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, all Holland had

heard it on the 11 p.m. newscast. Next morning before sun-up, hundreds of bicycle lamps twinkled along the long, flat roads as the faithful rode to the Dominicans' early Mass and overflowed the chapel.

But ecclesiastical decisions are not swayed by broken doors nowadays—if indeed they ever were. Three days later, the ringleaders wrote a penitent letter to church authorities apologizing to the archbishop and explaining that they had been misinformed: apparently there was no old Dutch tradition about breaking into churches, after all. The Dominicans' door was repaired and tightly locked, the action committee renounced further action, and the people of Huissen settled down to nurse a last hope—that the nuncio in The Hague would plead their cause at the Vatican.

Trinity's 13th

The richest Episcopal parish in the U.S. belongs to Manhattan's Trinity Church. This onetime landmark on the New York skyline, which now nestles prim and diminutive between office buildings at the head of Wall Street, owns five chapels and an estimated \$35 million worth of city real estate. This week Trinity inducted its 13th rector—redheaded Dr. John Heuss Jr., 43, present director of the Episcopal Church's national department of Christian education.

Trinity has been on the lookout for a new rector since June, when the Rev. Frederic S. Fleming, 65, announced his retirement after serving the 254-year-old parish since 1932. Trinity is traditionally a steppingstone to the bishopric of New York, the church's richest diocese. High Churchman Heuss, who built up his department of Christian education from a staff of two to a staff of 50 in four years, has already been mentioned as a possible second Suffragan Bishop of New York.



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Let's Get Together

Thomas Sugrue—Roman Catholic journalist and author (*Stranger in the Earth, Watch for the Morning*)—is upset by discord between Catholics and Protestants. Unlike most Catholics who launch into print on the subject, he thinks that his own church—particularly the church in the U.S.—deserves a good deal of the blame. Author Sugrue's complaint, in the Protestant *Christian Herald*: the church is mixing in affairs of state and it has no business there. It began to go wrong when Christ's teachings about spiritual authority in man's subjective "inner world" began to be extended to the "outer world" of temporal power.

It was overemphasis on temporal power, says Sugrue, that led to the Protestant Reformation. The Vatican itself understands the danger of such overemphasis, he believes, but not the Catholic Church in the U.S.

Up with Religion. "Catholicism in the United States is . . . booming, aggressive, materialistic, socially ambitious, and inclined to use its membership as a paranoid pressure group, threatening anyone who so much as criticizes the way it ties its shoelaces. It gives the immaculately mannered Italian nobles in the Vatican shivers of revulsion."

"Some Catholics of the United States may dream of converting their nation and joining Church and State, but if Rome gets them first, they will lose this ambition. What they need most is religion; Rome would like to give them this, and dispense with some of their belligerent participation in non-religious affairs of their community and nation."

"But American Catholicism may soon be dictating to Rome; there is suspicion, in fact, that this is already so. It may be a polite dictatorship, but where the money comes from, thence also the orders are apt to originate. Before too long there may be an American Pope, with a 'summer' residence here, and a College of Cardinals packed with local bishops. The Government of the United States might then find itself sending an ambassador to an American citizen . . ."

"As an American Catholic, I am now expected to approve the idea of sending an ambassador to the Vatican. I don't. I see no good that such a move can do for anyone. It will upset non-Catholics. It will revive old suspicions of the Pope's plans and hopes. It will cheer an already overtruculent element in American Catholicism . . . The Pope is the bishop of Rome. We have an ambassador at Rome. Can he not call on the bishop as part of his job?"

Turn Off the Heat. As U.S. Catholicism has grown more & more American, Sugrue believes it has become less & less Catholic. American Catholics seem to him "overly concerned with money and sex, asking continuously for one and condemning continuously the other. Love of money—even money for the erection of cathedrals—is the root of all evil, and prolonged concentration on one sin, particularly the old scapegoat sin of lust, is normally an indi-



Werner Wallis—Black Star

THOMAS SUGRUE
In the Vatican, shivers.

cation that other sins are being covered up."

Another alarming tendency of U.S. Catholics, says Sugrue, is toward community separatism ("an increasing number of organizations, institutions and committees whose titles begin with the word Catholic") and censorship.

"When a member of the hierarchy condemns a book or play or movie and calls on all Catholics to boycott the condemned item, the collective power of Catholicism is being used to threaten a publisher or producer or theater owner with economic ruin unless he withdraws from the market something a bishop dislikes . . . In a smaller way, Catholic groups and organizations badger newspaper and magazine editors. Any mention of anything Catholic must be favorable or the heat is on . . ."

"If this sort of pressure were a failure, it would be best for the Catholics. Unfortunately for them, it succeeds . . . If Catholic pressure and Catholic censorship continue in the future to succeed as they have in the recent past, the Roman Catholic Church in America will be set back 200 years, back to the times of the burning of the Pope in effigy."

Down with the Fence. What's to do about it? Author Sugrue sees the best hope in the "Christians of sincerity and good will on both sides of the [Catholic-Protestant] fence, who wish that the fence did not exist." Why can't they begin to come together in small groups? "Ten would be enough for a start—five from each side of the fence . . . There would be more common ground, in fact, than there would be grounds for difference . . ."

"It would be only a start, but after that, anything and everything could happen. As Americans, we are against iron curtains; we should not maintain one between ourselves, particularly one so old, so rusty, and which marks a division never intended by God to exist among men."



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ACTORS' FACES...Johnny Johnston



Johnny Johnston, star of the Broadway play, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

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SCIENCE

Maps & Moon Shadow

Along a great arc sweeping from the equator in mid-Atlantic to Irkutsk in central Siberia, the sun will be in total eclipse on Feb. 25. Last week an expedition of scientists from the U.S. Air Force, the Naval Research Laboratories, the National Geographic Society and the Universities of Denver and Colorado set out for way stations on the eclipse's 70-mile-wide path. When the moon's shadow climaxes northeastward over half the world, the experts will be waiting with telescope, camera and electronic recording equipment. By their observations they hope: 1) to refine their maps and charts, 2) learn something about weather prediction and radio communication, 3) check on a prediction made by Albert Einstein some 37 years ago.*

At stations, spotted from Libreville in French Equatorial Africa to the Persian Gulf, Air Force observers will measure the fading sunlight. Even in bad weather their photoelectric cells and elaborate timing devices will be able to record the instant of total eclipse. Knowing the speed with which sun and moon move in relation to the earth, they hope to calculate the distance between stations with new accuracy.

New Job. Observations will also be made at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, outside "the path of totality." If the instruments prove sensitive enough even in a partial eclipse, the Air Force may face a vast new job of map making. And since guidance systems for intercontinental rockets already threaten to become more accurate than present charts of large sections of the world, new maps are fast becoming a necessity.

Within the next 15 years there will be a score or more solar eclipses, their paths interlacing over the surface of the globe. If the areas of partial eclipse turn out to be useful for measurement, it should be possible to man a network of observation posts during each one. Enough observations, says the Air Force, may eventually produce enough information to change most of the world's atlases.

Old Theory. While the Air Force goes about its map making, Astronomer George Van Biesbroeck will be busy at Khartoum in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, checking up on Einstein's theory. During the three minutes of total eclipse, he will aim his telescope at the faint star field ordinarily blotted out by the sun's brilliance.

A few months later, his telescope locked in the same position, the astronomer will return to Khartoum and photograph the same star field in the night sky. Comparison of the stars' positions in the two pictures should illustrate the "Einstein Shift," give man one more glimpse into the mechanics of the universe.

* One proof of his theory of relativity, Einstein said, would be the observation of a slight bending of light rays from distant stars as they pass through the gravitational field of the sun.

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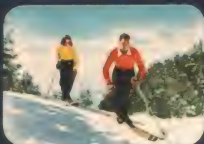
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How to make a Gold Mine pay

Gold is where you find it, just as the old saying has it. But often it's found in thin seams, mixed with prohibitive quantities of rock and gravel. That was the problem one western mining company faced in a digging so thoroughly mixed with gravel that it couldn't be profitably mined if handled by conventional mining methods. To make their mine pay was a question of handling vast quantities of gravel at the lowest cost-per-ton possible.

Clue to this dilemma was the terrific tonnages being handled in other type mines with conveyor belts. So, knowing that more high-tonnage operations are belted by Goodyear than by any other belt manufacturer, the mine turned to the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—for the design of an ore-handling system. He specified all the major belts for a 9-belt conveyor system from open pit to crusher, crusher to stock pile, storage to processing machinery and from processing to waste disposal areas.

The belt system was such an improvement, even on paper, that the mine operators knew they could operate at capacity. With the conveyor belts installed, the milling machines at the mine are being fed at the rate of 2200 tons per hour, far



above the capacity of less-efficient transport methods employed previously. Eventually, 67 million tons of brittle, abrasive porphyry ore will give up its gold in the plant. This tonnage—like everything handled by conveyor belts—will be carried at the lowest possible cost-per-ton.

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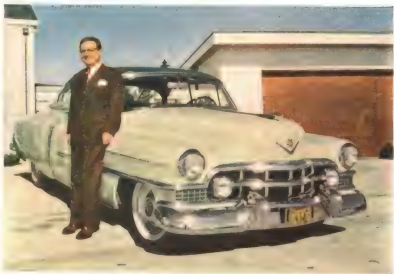


"One look at my 1906 Cadillac and you know it's in fine shape," says Capt. Lew Schaefer, airlines flying officer, of Old Westbury, N. Y. "Not even the motors of planes I fly get better care than I give my antique Caddy. Ever since I've owned it, I've used only Gulfpride in the crankcase."

The collecting and driving of antique automobiles (over 25 years old) is one of America's fastest-growing hobbies. Gulfpride has helped keep many of these cars in extraordinarily fine running condition.

"This 1951 Cadillac is my pride and joy," says Owen Brennan, of New Orleans, La. "The engine is as smooth as silk, and I intend to keep it that way. Naturally, I make it a rule to use only Gulfpride H. D.—to keep that engine clean."

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EDUCATION

Intolerable Intruder

For centuries, Britain's poets have sung of Oxford's "dreaming spires"; but they have done some worrying about them, too. Shops and factories have been creeping in upon the spires like jungle weed—"a base and brickish skirt," cried Gerard Manley Hopkins in 1879, that "sours that neighbor-nature thy grey beauty is grounded best in . . ." Last week the base and brickish skirt was creating a bitterer furor than ever. The center of the storm: the Oxford and District Gas Co.

Until last month, Oxonians thought they had got rid of the big intruder, after a four-year battle that began back in 1945. By that year, the gasworks had already spread to within a quarter of a mile of Christ Church, had ruined the view of Folly Bridge, was besmirching Pembroke College with smoke and soot. As if that were not enough, the company announced that it was about to build a new gas retort, 92 ft. high. With that, townsmen, gunsmen, and the entire city council rose in wrath.

The council did not want the company simply to stop growing; at a series of public meetings, it demanded that the gas people clear out of town entirely. A parliamentary committee backed the council up. So did the House of Commons and the House of Lords. The company had no alternative but to back down. It promised it would move to suburban Cowley.

But the company never did get around to moving, and last month it suddenly announced that it had given up the whole idea. Instead, it said, it was going to expand right there in Oxford. The first thing it planned to build: its new gas retort, 92 ft. high.

Once again, Oxford bristled with pro-

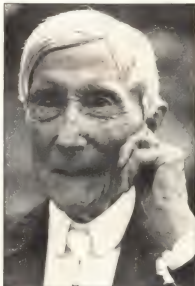
tests. The vice chancellor of the University, the mayor of the town, and the chairman of the county council composed a joint letter to the *Times*. Lord Halifax, Lord Bledisloe, Lord Pakenham and Lord Samuel signed another. The whole affair, said their lordships, was "intolerable." The city council's planning committee echoed the theme: the company's plan "ought never to have been made and should be disposed of summarily."

Last week the city council did summarily dispose of the company's application for permission to build. But this time, many Oxonians doubted that the esthetic victory would hold. With Britain's steel so short, the company had a powerful argument against building a whole new plant in Cowley, and the Minister of Fuel and Power was almost sure to agree. Oxford's dreaming spires, said one gas company official last week, would just have to make the best of things: "I think the gasworks will be on its present site 25 and even 50 years from now."

Great Catalyst

The first John D. Rockefeller had to admit that he was worrying himself "almost to a nervous breakdown." So many charities were appealing to him for help that he hardly knew which way to turn. He finally got the answer to his dilemma after he met Frederick T. Gates, who, as executive secretary of the American Baptist Education Society, had helped persuade him to finance the founding of the University of Chicago.

"Your fortune is rolling up, rolling up like an avalanche!" thundered Gates one day. "You must keep up with it! You must distribute it faster than it grows!" And the very best way to distribute it, advised Gates, was to turn it over to a



PHILANTHROPIST ROCKEFELLER
After an avalanche, a revolution.

philanthropic corporation run by a wise and able group of trustees.

In 1901, with Gates's guidance, John D. did just that. He organized the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and later set up the General Education Board and the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission. Finally, in 1910, he launched the Rockefeller Foundation—the richest organization of its kind the world had ever seen. Eventually the foundation took charge of almost all his giving, and spent nearly half a billion dollars "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." In its first official history (*The Story of the Rockefeller Foundation*; Harper; \$4.50), published this week, former President Raymond B. Fosdick tells what all the money has done.

Search & Cure. John D. was certain of at least one thing about the "difficult art of giving." Said he: "The best philanthropy is a search for cause, an attempt to cure evils at their source." The first major evil that his trustees sought to cure: hookworm in the South.

In those days, hookworm was afflicting millions of people. The Rockefeller trustees began their fight with a gigantic survey, pinpointing the towns and counties where the disease was at its worst. Then, in addition to distributing medicine, they set off a program of prevention. They held thousands of public meetings, distributed millions of pamphlets, organized teachers to give special instruction. Gradually, people learned general hygiene, and in ten years the hookworm was at last being brought under control.

The foundation later took on other diseases. It set up typhus teams in both Manhattan's East Side and in Algeria, taught Egypt how it might free itself from schistosomiasis—a disease caused by the blood fluke, carried by snails. It built the \$3,000,000 Peking Union Medical College ("We must create the Johns Hopkins of



GASWORKS IN OXFORD
Beneath dreaming spires, a base and brickish skirt.

Norman Miller

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China!" cried one trustee), studied scarlet fever in Rumania, malaria in Nicaragua, undulant fever in France, oryza fever in Peru, dengue fever on Guam. It set up a yellow fever commission under General W. C. Gorgas, and one of its doctors—Wilbur A. Sawyer—eventually found an effective vaccine.

The foundation also set out to revolutionize medical education, for Frederick Gates had been impressed by the famed report of Abraham Flexner on U.S. medical schools. In the entire nation, Flexner had found in 1910, there were only half a dozen good schools. Few of the medical colleges had clinics, fewer still had good laboratories, and many required no more than a high-school education for admission. Under Flexner's direction, the foundation and the General Education Board began pouring millions into top universities, helping them make their medical schools models for the rest of the U.S. Stirred to action, other schools eventually began trying to compete. They set up clinics, built laboratories, hired first-rate full-time faculties, raised entrance requirements. "The revolution thus accomplished," wrote Flexner later, "brought American medicine from the bottom of the pile to the very top."

Gamble on Talent. But medicine was only a part of the foundation's interests. It helped finance the Shakespeare Memorial Theater in Stratford-upon-Avon, gave nearly \$2,000,000 for a new site for the University of London. It contributed to Columbia's Institute for Russian Studies, sent money to Physicist Niels Bohr for his Institute for Theoretical Physics at the University of Copenhagen.

It has poured money into everything from Basic English to the Berkshire Music Festival, from "studies of the aurora borealis in Alaska to measurements of the velocity of light in California" and the 200-inch telescope on Palomar Mountain. Its fellowship programs have been a gigantic "gamble on talent" that have included such excellent bets as Enrico Fermi, Ernest O. Lawrence, inventor of the cyclotron, Ralph Bunche, Historian Arnold Toynbee (for a future book on international relations), Lord Beveridge, scores of young writers, hundreds of refugee scholars—even Dr. Kinsey.

In the 20th century, says Author Fossick, there are some bitter disappointments connected with running a foundation. "One thinks . . . of the promising research projects that were disrupted [by war] . . . of the assembly of the finest mathematical faculty in the world at Göttingen which was scattered by Hitler's terrorism, of the health institute in Tokyo which became a military headquarters, of a physics institute in Madrid standing isolated and unused . . ." But over the years, the foundation has had much to compensate for such setbacks. It has been such a vast catalyst to achievement that even old John D. was awed. "We have built," said he to Frederick Gates in 1924, "better than we knew." In 1952, with the income from \$131,480,000 to spend, the foundation is still abuilding.



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ART

Oldtimer in Berlin

Young Max Pechstein was one of the leaders in Germany's expressionist movement before World War I. His canvases, which sometimes reminded critics of a lesser Gauguin, were daring in their day, made Pechstein a reputation. But when Hitler came in, Pechstein's "decadent" work went out. He painted on the sly in Berlin, finally went off to live on the Baltic coast.

Last week, at 70, Max Pechstein was back in the limelight. West Berlin's Academy of Arts had invited the city's artists to a birthday reception at which the old man was presented with a box of paints ("So he can paint many more pictures") and was appointed honorary senator of the academy.

The academy also opened the first exhibition of Pechstein's works since pre-Hitler days: a representative group of more than 80 works (400 others had been destroyed or lost during the war) that seemed pretty tame after all the years. Even so, critics were pleased with the show, labeled Pechstein "a prophet of happiness."

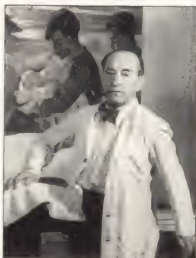
Pechstein happily showed up at the gallery, mingled with the crowd. He heard one stranger complain that an alpine landscape was "too sophisticated." The artist quietly joined the discussion. "It's high up in the mountains," he said. "Snow and icy waters are like that. The colors change." The amateur critic flushed when another bystander identified the old man: "Master Pechstein ought to know." But Pechstein had not come to squelch critics. Said he, beaming: "I'm happy to see so much of my work lined up together again."

Retrospect in Boston

No one has had a more pervasive influence on modern design than Walter Gropius. An architect with surprisingly few buildings to show for his 69 years, Gropius has devoted himself mainly to teaching. He headed Germany's Bauhaus ("Building House") from 1919 to 1928, made the school a seedbed of new designs. Since 1938 he has directed Harvard University's department of architecture, graduated hundreds of dedicated moderns.

Last week Boston honored Gropius with a big retrospective show of his architecture. Included were models of his glass-walled Bauhaus (done in 1926) and Harvard's new graduate center (designed by Gropius and several collaborators). The crisp, cold, unornamental lines of his buildings, their rectilinear counterpointing of wide-eyed windows and bare, blind walls, shocked nobody. Gropius has disseminated his philosophy of design so well that now it is almost taken for granted.

A Notion from Nature. The Gropius philosophy embraces pictures as well as walls, furniture as well as floor plans, iceboxes as well as kitchens. It is based on two ideas, one practical and the other esthetic. The practical idea was not at all



PAINTER PECHSTEIN
A prophet of happiness.

obvious when Gropius first acted on it. Modern designers, he reasoned, should get workshop training and should be made familiar with the materials and the machines used in mass production, and their designs should be geared to make use of those materials and machines. Gropius' esthetic notion was deceptively simple. Recognizing that the beauties of nature's creation are part and parcel of their functions, he argued that man's creations too should combine usefulness with beauty.

At the Bauhaus, Gropius gathered a brilliant group of teachers and students to apply his ideas. Marcel Breuer invented the first tubular steel chair. Bogler and Lindig designed pottery for mass produc-



ARCHITECT GROPIUS
A philosophy of usefulness.

tion. Josef Albers turned broken bottles into stained-glass windows, and his wife Anni developed new techniques and textures for fabric weaving. Bayer and Moholy-Nagy experimented with typography and abstract photography, Oskar Schlemmer and Xanti Schawinsky produced abstract stage sets. Painters Paul Klee, Wassily Kandinsky and Lyonel Feininger stuck mainly to painting.

Sad Eye for the Street. Gropius believes that "the result from a well-oiled team is greater than the sum of their ideas." The Bauhaus proved him right, for the work produced there in the '20s still sets standards for functional elegance in industrial design. He has established no such all-star team at Harvard, but in 13 years Gropius has made it the nation's No. 1 architectural school.

Much remains for his graduates to accomplish, Gropius says. In the U.S., "you go along a big street that is lined for miles & miles with filling stations and restaurants that have absolutely no relationship to the setting, a hodgepodge of ugliness . . . Or some suburban developer comes along, cutting down the trees, bulldozing the site and befouling our habitat." A purist with a sad, cold eye, Gropius believes that the main reason for the architectural ugliness he finds everywhere is "inertia of the heart. Man still clings to some visible reminder of Grandpa."

Life in a Few Lines

When Albert Marquet and Henri Matisse were art students in Paris, they used to load their canvases into the same pushcart, hopefully trundle them off to the Autumn Salon. On one return trip, no canvases sold, Marquet lamented, "If only a bus would crash into our pushcart, we could at least collect the damages." Matisse soon trundled his own brilliant, revolutionary canvases into the front ranks of modern French art. Marquet settled down to painting workmanlike studies of boat-filled harbors and rivers, lagged far behind. He died in 1947, at 72, little known outside his native France.

Last week a Paris exhibit of unknown Marquet drawings showed that he was not always the serious, hard-working rearguard painter most people thought him. As relaxation from his more ambitious oils, Marquet had strolled the streets of Paris, doing maliciously observant sketches of the people he saw. In a few deft strokes, a blob of black ink or a casual crosshatching, he caught the posture and movement of a speeding cyclist, a harmaid scratching her head, an old fiacre driver waiting for a fare, a bemused, potted pedestrian.

Matisse compared old friend Marquet's sketches to those of Master Japanese Draftsman Hokusai. Said *Paris-Presse* Critic René Barotte: "It is difficult to express more life in fewer lines . . . impossible to use black and white better."

Marquet had not taken his little masterpieces that seriously. During his lifetime, he sketched thousands of them for his own entertainment, stacked them away in his studio without ever thinking of exhibiting or selling them.



BAKED BRIGHTNESS

A handful of old men with young ideas dominates School-of-Paris art. Fernand Léger trails far behind Matisse, Rouault and Picasso in ability and range, but at 70 he remains one of the most energetic of the group. Last year Léger (rhymes with beige hay) shouldered deep into an unfamiliar art form: ceramics. The lack of subtlety in his creations of modeled, painted and baked clay is deliberate; they are designed to pass his own peculiar, forthright standard: "A work of art must bear comparison with any manufactured object." Ceramics, under Léger's muscular hands, assume the bulge of sculpture, the brightness of posters, the gaiety of carnivals and the precision of machine parts. In Paris they have been selling like Citroëns.





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MEDICINE

Record Coma

Injured in a factory accident in 1943, Engineer Robert Steger survived an operation for removal of a blood clot from his brain, but never regained consciousness. In Cincinnati's Bethesda Hospital, he was fed through a tube, gained weight, and seemed not to age. Last week, after what appeared to be the longest coma in medical history, Steger, 52, died from "deterioration caused by inactivity."

Two Who Survived

Caught in time, cancer need not be fatal. Two who survived were in the news last week:

LIEUT. COMMANDER EDWIN M. ROSENBERG was told six years ago that he probably had only a short while to live. Though one cancer, in the groin, had been removed, others kept cropping up. Rosenberg was treated with X rays, but the Navy retired him on medical grounds. Then Rosenberg astonished the Navy by getting well. It took an act of Congress to get his retirement set aside, and Rosenberg back on active duty, but back he went (TIME, Sept. 4, 1950). Last week Lieut. Commander Rosenberg, 32, saw his Annapolis dream come true: he was ordered to his first sea command, the destroyer escort *J. Douglas Blackwood*.

GAMBLER FRANK COSTELLO has nothing worse than chronic laryngitis now, his doctor testified last week, but in 1933 it was cancer of the vocal cords. Manhattan Specialist Douglas Quick said that 28 X-ray treatments in a three-month period licked the cancer, but left Costello with considerable scar tissue. The scar tissue was just one of the reasons for Costello's laryngitis, the doctor believed. The other: too many cigarettes.



YOUNG CANCER PATIENTS IN BOSTON
Within limits, encouraging results.

James Coyne

On the Track

A plain, red brick clinic, called the "Jimmy Fund Building," was opened at Children's Hospital in Boston last week, and the first patients trooped in for examinations and checkups. All were boys & girls for whom, until about five years ago, medical science could offer little or no comfort. They were victims of generalized cancers such as leukemia (in the blood stream) or the spreading type of Hodgkin's disease (in the lymph nodes). Now there is at least good reason for hoping that their lives can be made both brighter and longer.

The youngsters got their first boost in the waiting room. Thanks to the Variety Club of New England, one of the "angels" financing the new building, there was a layout of electric trains, a television set, a miniature merry-go-round, and a rack of dolls. If a little girl got attached to a doll, she could keep it; there were more where it came from. Corridor walls were covered with such Disney favorites as Pinocchio and Snow White.

Switch the Antagonists. Even in the examining and treatment rooms there were bowls of lollipops. But here, the serious business of fighting childhood cancer was under way.

Once, X rays were the doctors' only weapon against these inoperable cancers and were effective in only a few types of cases. In the last five years, Boston's Dr. Sidney Farber and a team of assistants have been getting encouraging results with new drugs. One of the first to show promise was nitrogen mustard (a deadly poison developed in World War II for chemical warfare). Newer and better, Dr. Farber believes, are the awkwardly named "folic acid antagonists." These, like ACTH and



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cortisone, are most often effective against the leukemias.

In most cases, one type of drug is effective for a while and then its benefit wears off. So the doctors switch to another. Later they may switch back again. This way, the life-prolonging properties of all the drugs seem to be cumulative. One little girl has lived 34 months after the onset of acute leukemia. A boy has been kept going for 35 months; despite a bad relapse last fall, he now goes to school and does figure skating. Under older methods of treatment, both would have been dead within a year.

Back on the Farm. “Jimmy,” for whom the clinic and research building was named, is a New England farm boy. When he first saw Dr. Farber, the diagnosis was dismal: lymph-node cancer. Previous results with nitrogen mustard had been spotty, so Jimmy got three (out of the seven) folic acid antagonists. Today he is back doing chores on the family farm and feeling fine. His cancer shows no sign of activity.

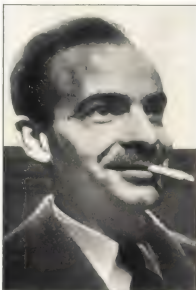
No one, least of all the cautious Dr. Farber, believes that a cure for these children’s cancers is in sight. Even now, one-third of all leukemia victims fail to respond to any treatment. But Dr. Farber believes that he and his colleagues are on the right track. To keep them going, the Variety Club (composed largely of theater managers and entertainers) and the Boston Braves have raised \$600,000 through radio appeals and collections in theaters and ball parks; they plan to keep on until the Jimmy Fund Building is paid for, and Jimmy’s companions in misfortune can be cured.

Scot’s Report

Professor Arnold P. Meiklejohn of Edinburgh University spent last summer in the U.S. studying medical teaching and research, and casting a diagnostic eye over the general U.S. scene. On the whole, he was agreeably surprised. Reports Dr. Meiklejohn in the British journal, *Lancet*:

“The picture that we sometimes get of a materially prosperous but morally sick society derives, I am sure, from too much emphasis on the abnormal behavior of a tiny fraction of the population . . . The mistaken application of Freud’s teaching to the raising of children has produced many spoilt, unhappy adolescents who are only now beginning to find out that the adult world does not automatically give them everything they want. But the influence of the ‘Church of Vienna’ fortunately does not extend much beyond the cities, nor much further west than Chicago . . .”

The New Frontier. “There is a huge public demand for medical research. The amount of money, new buildings, equipment, and staff now devoted to it is staggering . . . The causes, as so often in the U.S., are partly ruthlessly practical and in part pure idealism. On the practical side, the public is moved by an old instinct—fear: fear of death. Although many Americans still adhere to a traditional religion, many have lost its comforts. They are scared of the thought of their end, and look to medicine to save them . . .



EDINBURGH’S MEIKLEJOHN

On the whole, agreeably surprised.

“On the idealistic side, it is evident that science is now the new frontier . . . Almost every young doctor of any promise wants to ‘do research.’ To see his own name, even on the dullest paper, makes him a pioneer . . .” But research can get too big for its breeches. “[A] high-powered scientist said: ‘Ten years ago I was happy; I used to go in the morning to my laboratory, wash my own glassware so that I knew that it was clean, do a precise, accurate, satisfying experiment . . . Now a team of girls washes my apparatus, so I am never sure that it is clean. I have to keep my assistants busy, so never have time to do an experiment myself.’”

How to Tell a Harvard Man. “The approach to teaching in most medical schools in America is essentially by emphasis on what is not known rather than what is known in medicine. At Harvard, for example, a student may be shown a case . . . that cannot apparently be explained . . . He is asked to go to the library and come back with the answer . . . The teacher, to gain respect, must find the flaw in the student’s argument, generally on a point of logic rather than of fact. When teaching at Harvard, it is usually a mistake to be too dogmatic, for a student is all too likely to prove you wrong. It is much better to pursue the Socratic method of posing impossible questions which you cannot answer yourself . . .”

“Compared with ours [the U.S. medical student] is older, more mature—having wasted three years in college . . . Life for him has now begun in earnest; he no longer plays any games; he feels himself one of a privileged few, lucky to have got in; and, above all, like all Americans, he is interested in things that are new. It must be admitted that, just now and then, preoccupation with the new leads to too little attention to old and tried principles; nevertheless it is thus that medicine in America is dynamic, not static.”

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Associated Press

ANDY SWINGING INTO RACING TURN
Skill, courage and hell-for-leather dash.

She Skis for Fun (See Cover)

As far as her eyes could see in the clear winter air, the Alps of the Bernese Oberland stood in their snow-capped ranks, 12,000-foot peaks of glacial ice and stone. Three thousand feet below, terrace on terrace, lay the storybook village of Grindelwald, famed as a skier's paradise. The girl whose level, blue-grey eyes surveyed this prospect may or may not have been awed by the majesty of the view. What she said was reverent, appreciative, American: "Scenic as hell!"

Last week her interest in the Grindelwald view was more technical than esthetic. She was looking at a slalom course: a series of precipitous pitches and inclines, outlined by guide poles, designed to test the racing mettle of the world's best skiers. For the qualified citizens of the world of international ski racing must have two prerequisites: skill—and courage. It takes courage to use skill, or to use it to that utmost which wins races. A watch-tick moment of bad judgment, a split second of uncontrol can send a downhill racer flying off the beaten track at a fatal 60 m.p.h. clip.*

Poised near the starting gate, awaiting her turn, the girl showed only one touch of tension: her classically lean features were set firmly as she clenched her jaw. As the starter tapped her on the back, she was off, pushing furiously with her ski poles to gain the speed she would have to check, moments later, with a swivel-hip turn. She swept down the dizzying descent with the verve and hell-for-leather dash of a man. Crouching, straightening, swinging her slim hips in an almost ant mimicry of a rumba step, she darted and

danced through the multicolored flags that outlined the course.

The people who watched her snow-clouded rush down the mountainside were all, in a sense, mountaineers. In their world, from the Alps to the hills of Scandinavia, skiing is about the only sport worth mentioning; it is almost a way of life. And last week, with the winter Olympics in Oslo only a month away, it was getting close to the climax of the skier's year. The baggage carrier at St. Anton, the bartender at Klosters, the woodcutter at Sestriere, the gendarme at Chamonix, the hotelkeeper at Oslo were all reading the ski news: the



Walter Sanders—Life

GRETCHEN FRASER
She was the first.

results of the Swiss National championships. And this dark-haired, blue-grey-eyed American girl was very much in the news. Every skier in Europe knew her name: Andrea Mead Lawrence.

Andy Mead (the nick- and maiden names she is best known by) is the best U.S. Olympic skier. Last winter she won almost every major ski race in Europe—including the Arlberg-Kandahar downhill race, the unofficial world championship. At 19, she is a veteran of the 1948 Olympics and captain of this year's U.S. women's Olympic ski team.

"She Waits for Me." At Grindelwald last week, Andy was not quite the best; but she wasn't trying very hard, yet. While Austria's Trude Beiser Jockum, 1950 downhill champion, might grind through 50 practice runs, Andy would loaf through two, then call it quits. A tall girl (5 ft. 7½ in., 130 lbs.), but willowy and slim, Andy doesn't take training grimly: she drinks a beer with her meals, and is usually ready to join a friend in a cup of *Glühwein* (mulled red wine with cinnamon, cloves and sugar). She smokes a cigarette when she feels like it.

She sets her own fashion in other ways. She wears no lipstick; she has never been to a manicurist or a hairdresser. Her husband of ten months, Dave Lawrence, a strapping (6 ft., 185 lbs.) alternate on the U.S. men's Olympic ski team, admires her style and her spirit: "I guess she thinks you ought to be the way God made you. Anyway, I like it." Dave, who is a first-class skier but not in Andy's class, is also an unrequited admirer of his wife's prowess. Austria's Christian Pravda once tried to needle Dave: "How horrible to have a wife who can ski better!" Said Dave, equally deadpan: "She waits for me."

At Oslo next month, the U.S. men stand far less chance of winning than the women. To most European male skiers, the sport is less a sport than a career that success can further into a profession; most U.S. skiers are college men with other careers in mind. Among the U.S. men, the best bet is Salt Lake City's Jack Reddish, on Navy leave, who won a fourth in the 1950 F.I.S. (*Fédération Internationale de Ski*) world championships.

Trains & Tows. A better bet is Andy Mead Lawrence. At the Swiss championships last week, Andy swooped down the mountainside with the rush and sparkle of a Vermont freshet, and was right up with the winners: second in the tricky slalom (behind Switzerland's Madeleine Berthod); third in the daredevil downhill (behind Austria's Trude Beiser, the U.S.'s Janette Burr), where sheer speed is the payoff; first in the giant slalom, where both speed and control count.

Andy's one-two-three performance in the three events showed her remarkable versatility. But another U.S. skier, Seattle's Janette Burr, who stays in shape by water skiing in the summer, won the top title. Janette's second place in the downhill and her fifth in the slalom added up, on the basis of elapsed time, to a better performance than Andy's second and third places in the two events. Andy's victory in

* U.S. Olympic Skier Jim Griffith died last month as the result of a skiing accident while practicing at Alta, Utah.

the giant slalom (Janette was tied for eleventh) did not count in the "combined" totals which decide the Swiss championship. For the combined title, Andy placed second.

Team Manager Gretchen Fraser, who won the U.S.'s first Olympic skiing gold medal in 1948, was exuberant: "This is the first time in history that American skiers have made such a showing [one-two] in international competition. We'll have a team to reckon with at Oslo."

Andy's and Janette's performances were a good measure of how much U.S. skiing has improved since the 1936 Olympics at Germany's Garmisch-Partenkirchen. In those sorry days, the best that the U.S. top skier, Dartmouth's Dick Durrance, could do in the "Alpine" events was tenth in the downhill, tenth in the slalom. In the "Nordic" events, the best U.S. jumper was eleventh, the best 18-kilometer cross-country man was 34th.

There just wasn't enough skiing in the U.S. to turn out champions. Not that skiing was unknown—California gold miners were using skis for transportation as early as 1857 in the "Lost Sierras." In Berlin, N.H., a handful of Scandinavians formed in the '70s what is considered to be the first American ski club, the Nansen. But until 1932 the sport was about as obscure as curling is today. About that time, the Alpine events of downhill and slalom, less exacting, less tiring and more fun than jumping and cross-country, began to get popular in the U.S.

In 1931 the first "snow train" was run by the Boston & Maine up to Warner, N.H. The Lake Placid (N.Y.) Olympics of 1932 lent an impetus. In 1933 the first ski tow was installed, at Woodstock, Vt. After that first crude tow, skiing grew by leaps & bounds—and Andy Mead grew up with it. In the 1936 Olympics, when Andy was only four but already getting used to her first pair of skis in her Vermont backyard, the U.S. women's squad paid its own way to Garmisch (and finished poorly).

But the sport had begun to catch on. Sleepy White Mountain innkeepers, accustomed to hibernate in the winter months, had their doors hammered on by eager skiers. Tows and lifts sprang up on rocky hillside pastures; trails were hewed on mountainsides. A new lingo, imported from the ski runs of Europe, came into fashion: "sitzmark"—the snow hole created by a tumbling beginner; "schuss"—a straight, speedy downhill run; "telemark"—a turn in deep snow; "christiania" or "christie"—a turn on packed snow; "Gölandesprung"—a jump, using poles. Sporting-goods stores were swamped with orders for ski outfits. In 1935, Macy's in Manhattan installed an indoor slide and taught beginners the rudiments on borax. Indoor ski jumping was a feature of Madison Square Garden's 1937-38 seasons.

Boom without Bust. The boom was on. Millionaires, infected with the skiing bug on winter Alpine vacations, saw their duty and did it. Manhattan Banker Harvey Gibson installed his unique Skimobile on New Hampshire's Cranmore Mountain, and imported Austria's famed Hannes



SKIER'S VIEW OF GRINDELWALD
"Scenic as hell."

Swiss National Travel Office

Schneider to teach his Arlberg technique; Joe Ryan,* with the enthusiastic vocal support of Broadcaster Lowell Thomas, built a whole village at Canada's Mont Tremblant; Averell Harriman's Union Pacific Railroad built a winter wonderland at Idaho's Sun Valley; Container Corp.'s Walter Paepcke turned the ghost mining town of Aspen, Colo. into a summer cultural center and a winter playground for expert skiers.

But skiing was expensive. It still is.

* Grandson of Millionaire Thomas Fortune Ryan.



DAVE LAWRENCE
He was infuriating.

Associated Press

Total equipment, from boots to headgear, can add up to more than \$300 (minimum, but hardly adequate: \$75). The average U.S. skier, according to *SKI* magazine, travels nearly 2,000 miles a year, spends about \$13 a day, and has an average income of more than \$5,000. Winter skiing uses up eleven days of vacation time and ten full weekends.

In Europe, lodging, lifts, transportation and equipment are much cheaper. At Switzerland's Davos, ski lifts fan out into ten square miles of wide-open slopes. The Parsenn-Bahn offers a choice of skiing down to Jenaz, 18 miles away, or to the nearer villages of Saas, Seemus, Klosters or Wolfgang, each serviced by a whistle-stop railroad that hauls the skier right back to Davos. At Zermatt, in the shadow of the Matterhorn, a good skier can zip down to Italy for a spaghetti lunch and be back in Switzerland for dinner.

"If the Weather's Good..." During all the hustle & bustle at Cranmore, Mont Tremblant, Sun Valley and Aspen, Andy Mead was growing up. Her parents were as ski-crazy as anybody. Near the Vermont town of Rutland, Bradford and Janet Mead were building up a resort named Fico Peak, and incidentally raising their two children, Andrea and Peter—who is now wasting his early ski training in the Air Force. Ski enthusiasts with an independent income, the Meads made an annual spring pilgrimage to Switzerland's Davos. They brought up their children on a principle which the children thoroughly approved: "If the weather's good, you ski; if it's bad, you go to school."

In 1938, when Andy was six, the Meads brought a Swiss pro, Carl Acker, back from Davos. That marked the beginning of Andy's skiing education. She just watched Acker and her parents, and imitated them. She doesn't remember ever getting any formal lessons. "It seemed so simple. We just skied. If we wanted to go

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faster, we went faster. If we wanted to stop—well, we just stopped."

By the time Andy was a stringy eleven-year-old, she was competing with grown-ups. In the Women's Eastern Slalom championship, on her home course at Pico, she placed second. When she was 13, she knocked herself out for the whole season after the only bad accident of her skiing career: a leg broken* while she was dashing down the slopes to get a stretcher for an injured skier. She speaks of the accident now with the twangy taciturnity of a good Vermonter: "It wasn't much. A good skier's break."

Ups & Downs. When she was 14 she qualified for the 1947 Olympic tryouts at Sun Valley, and drove West with Dartmouth Dean Lloyd K. ("Pudge") Neidlinger, his daughter Sally Neidlinger (a member of this year's team) and North Conway's Paula Kann. Andy marveled at



JANETTE BURR

In the summer, water skis.

the wide-open Western slopes, a sharp contrast to New England's shut-in trail skiing. "I couldn't get over the idea I was going like crazy," she says. She did go like crazy: first place in the slalom, her favorite because "it's more of a problem, more of a test of skill," and second place (behind Gretchen Fraser) in the downhill. At 15, Andy was on the Olympic team.

The '48 Olympics brought her experience but no honors. And the next two years brought a series of adolescent ups & downs. At the 1949 tryouts for the F.I.S. team at Whitefish, Mont., she won both downhill and slalom. She hardly won another race all year. She fell in love; she had moods of depression; she almost decided to give up skiing.

It was at Whitefish that Andy met a blond Dartmouth skier, Dave Lawrence, 1949 U.S. giant slalom champion. They

* Estimated chances against a break: about 800 to 1.

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TIME, JANUARY 21, 1952



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met the way skiers often do—suddenly. Dave took a header at Andy's feet, looked angrily up to see her regarding him with what he was sure was a "scornful expression." For her part, Andy didn't like the way Dave looked at her. Two weeks later they sat opposite each other at dinner, and Dave "kept looking at me in an accusing way and wiggling his eyebrows. It was absolutely infuriating." Being international skiers, they kept on meeting, and looking at each other.

"I Was Determined." But their primary interest, of course, was skiing. And Andy had her worries about that. She fell below expectations at Aspen's 1950 F.I.S. championships. She was sixth in slalom, ninth in giant slalom, twelfth in downhill. She didn't know what was wrong, but everything seemed to be. When the U.S. coach, Friedl Pfeiffer, suggested that she quit racing for a year, she thought nothing worse could ever happen to her. But "Friedl was right," Andy confesses. "I had been training for skiing night & day since 1947. I was losing the fun of it." Almost losing the fun taught her a lesson. She did not quit racing, but she became firmly convinced that she can't ski well unless she's having fun.

Lately, she has been having a lot of fun. Last winter the National Ski Association offered her—and Dave—a trip to Europe for pre-Olympic practice. A series of colds and spills wrecked Dave's trip, but Andy had one of the most fabulously successful seasons any skier could hope for. At Grindelwald she came in sixth in the downhill, second in the slalom, first in the giant slalom. Her confidence revived. Says Andy primly: "I was determined, and such were the results."

Emotional Pitch. A happy blend of determination and high spirits—Dave was touring with her and their courtship was progressing—won Andy the Hannes Schneider Pokal at St. Anton. At Chamonix (where nets are rigged to keep racers from going over precipices), she won the slalom. Then she went back to Austria and in five days won one downhill, two slaloms, and two giant slaloms.

At Sestriere, in Italy, Andy capped her season in the annual Kandahar race, regarded last year as the unofficial world championship. Andy schussed downhill like a spearheaded avalanche. She was sure she had made a good run. But when the times were announced, Andy was some 30 seconds behind the winner. Andy and Dave went off to swallow their disappointment in a cup of tea. Twenty minutes later they heard there had been a mistake in the timing: Andy was a clear-cut, two-second winner. Says Dave: "She didn't say anything, just grinned and kept on drinking tea."

Relaxed Hillbilly. A week later, Andy and Dave celebrated by getting married. The appropriate place was Davos, scene of Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, where Dave had learned his skiing as a youngster. Their honeymoon included a trip West last summer, where Andy stayed in ski shape by heaving huge grain sacks, breaking a mare, and cooking chow for all



TRUDE BEISER JOCHUM



ERIKA MAHRINGER



DAGMAR ROM



CELINA SEGHI

At Oslo, a team to reckon with.

hands at a Porcupine Gulch (Wyo.) ranch. Andy's admiring father-in-law, Laudy Lawrence, retired European manager for M-G-M, calls her a "regular hillbilly."

Dave and Andy's first investment after the wedding was a Chevrolet station wagon, and they have put it to good use, gadding about Europe. But they do not intend to spend their lives gallivanting around the ski world. Not that they intend to give up the fun of skiing. Says Andy: "We'd like to find a business where we are our own bosses. We're both pretty independent-minded. Maybe something like ranching or farming. Anyway, we'll settle close to good skiing."

Andy's immediate prospects are fun, too, but require determination if the results are to be such as she wants. She has met, and beaten, Europe's best women skiers. But she knows that any one of them can develop a winning streak, as she herself did last year.

Among the ones she looks at most thoughtfully: Austria's Trude Beiser Jochum, winner of the 1950 F.I.S. downhill; Austria's Erika ("Riki") Mahringer, Andy's best friend and, says Andy, "better than Dagmar Rom* ever was"; France's Andrée Tournier Bermond, winner of last year's giant slalom at Mont Blanc; Italy's Celina ("The Tigress") Seghi, two-time Arlberg-Kandahar winner; and Germany's Hilde-Suse Gaertner, 1951 Davos-Paradise Derby winner.

Any one of these girls—and others still unheralded—might upset Andy on any given day. Characteristically, she is more intent on doing her best than she is on winning. Says Andy: "I know it's the Olympics. Everybody wants to win. But honestly, I don't. I'd just like to do my best, that's all." Dave says: "I've learned never to wish her good luck on a race day. It just makes her mad. I just tell her to have fun."

Call to Arms

Ted Williams, the \$125,000-a-year outfielder of the Boston Red Sox, had a salary reduction notice last week. Ted was fishing in Florida when he got the news: the U.S. Marine Corps was calling him and a few hundred other aviators back to duty. On April 2, two weeks before the baseball season opens, Ted will report for his physical. If he passes, he will start getting a captain's base pay (\$356 a month) and probably go to work at his old wartime job: teaching cadets how to fly. Airman Williams, an indiscreet talker when he gets his dander up, said the right thing this time: "If Uncle Sam wants me, I'm ready. I'm no different than the next fellow." Just to show that it was impartial—and not out to sabotage the Red Sox pennant chances—the Marine Corps also called up the New York Yankees' \$17,000-a-year Second Baseman Jerry Coleman, a captain and wartime dive-bomber pilot (57 missions).

* Glamorous blonde Dagmar, winner of both F.I.S. slalom titles in 1950, has made two movies, and has reportedly "gone Hollywood." Austrians say: "She is no longer a mountain girl."



With deep-piled Gulistan carpet wall to wall, The Brass Rail Restaurant in midtown Manhattan caters to the crowds in sophisticated style and beauty. Restaurant interior by Louis Allen Abramson. Gulistan carpet executed by John McCagney.



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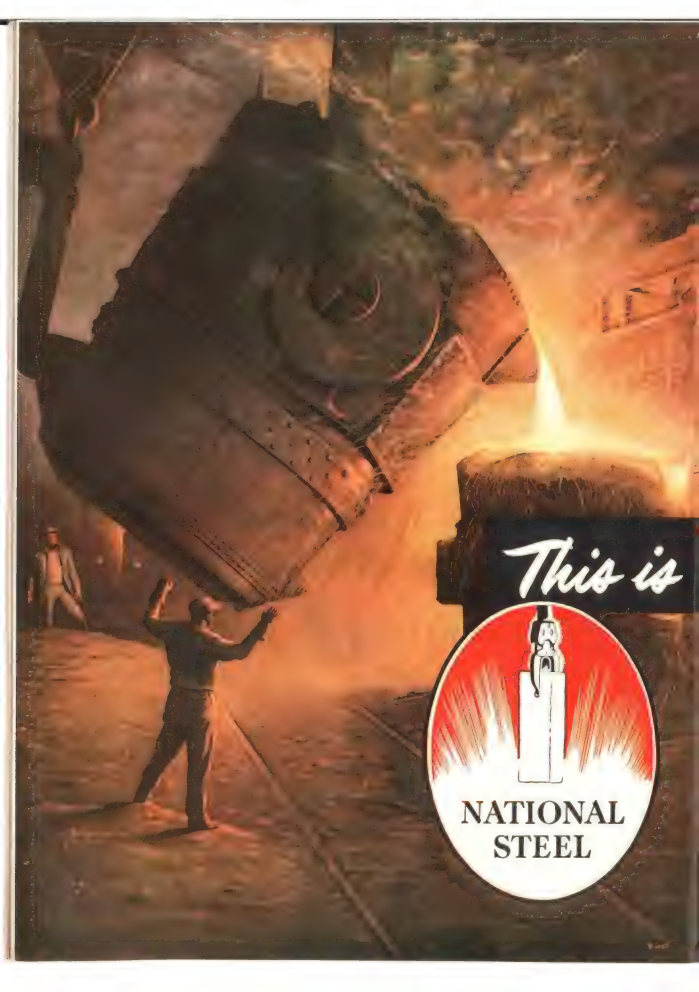


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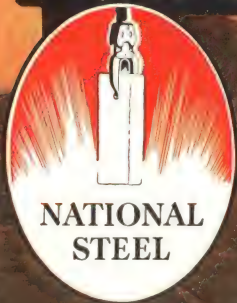
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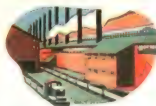
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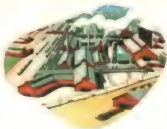


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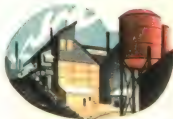
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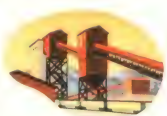
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THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

Anna Christie (by Eugene O'Neill) seems to stumble after 30 years. It opens well, with one of O'Neill's sharpest first acts, but it is not one of his good plays. Nor, even though it is due to move from the City Center to Broadway, is the present production any help; it stresses both the play's age and the playwright's streaks of adolescence.

Seldom was O'Neill more vividly theater-minded than at the start of *Anna*, where his bleary old barge captain excitedly awaits the daughter he hasn't seen since her childhood; and Anna slouches



HOLM & MCCARTHY
Black bread and raw wine.

in at last, a tired tramp. But having beautifully set the table, O'Neill brings on chunks of the crudest realistic black bread, cups of the rawest romantic wine. After father meets daughter, Boy—in a sense—Meets Girl. Loving a wild Irish stoker. Anna must alienate him by confessing her past. But there is, if no assurance of happiness, at least a rather muddled happy ending.

In the last two acts, Anna's past and present move at conflicting levels. Hence, after windy, uninspired love passages, O'Neill keeps writing harsh scenes that the play itself does not seem ready for. Anna is as much betrayed by the story as by Life. Both her washed-up father, cursing dat ole devil sea as a way of exonerating himself, and her lover, who should either be less Irish or more poetic, are hollow men who precipitate farce and even bathos.

Art Smith and Kevin McCarthy merely bang away at the two male roles. And Celeste Holm—a fine comedienne who is miscast—quietly fails in the role to which Pauline Lord, in 1921, tremulously brought something of the tragic sense of life.





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With the Government's blessing, New York's tabloid *News* pulled the handle this week on what it called "the biggest jackpot in history." The *News* began printing the names of thousands of New Yorkers to whom the Government owes nearly \$5,000,000 in old income-tax refunds.

The *News* was carrying the names as a "public service," but it was also a smart circulation stunt. The paper hit on the idea while getting together a series on income taxes a fortnight ago. When it heard about the unclaimed lode in a single district (Manhattan's Third), it sold the U.S. Treasury the idea of printing the names as an experiment in getting the refunds paid. The city desk assigned a special staff to compile lists of taxpayers owed \$100 or more. The *News* expects to run the lists (totaling about 6,000 names) for almost two weeks. (Its sister papers, the *Washington Times-Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune*, began printing their own lists.)

The *News* plan looked so good that Internal Revenue decided to release names to any paper, thus hoped to find 1,500,000 taxpayers who are entitled to more than \$44 million in refunds.

"The Biggest Success Story"

With a trumpeting of Page One headlines, the New York *Post* (circ. 390,000) last week launched a series on Hearst columnist Walter Winchell, "probably the biggest success story in American journalism." To the *Post*, which has been feuding with Winchell for months, it was a success story without a hero.

Post Editor James Wechsler had long been anxious to hang a picture of Winchell for his readers, but he could not find an occasion to his liking. Winchell supplied one by his attacks on Negro Singer Josephine Baker, after she complained that the Stork Club had refused to serve her (*TIME*, Nov. 12). When the race-conscious *Post* took her side, the paper heard that Stork Club Owner Sherman Billingsley had set agents to investigating *Post* Owner Dorothy Schiff.

The *Post* decided to investigate Billingsley first, then dropped him in favor of his great & good friend Winchell, because "all the trails seemed to lead to Winchell." Editor Wechsler sent a pack of seven reporters after the story. They spent two months at the job before Editor Wechsler sat down to write most of the series himself.

Faded Orchids. The *Post* depicted Walter Winchell as "one of the loneliest men in the world," though "he assumes that he knows everybody and everybody knows him . . . He made the gossip column a respectable newspaper feature . . . but he spends much of his time justifying the existence of gossip columns and trying to prove he is a heavier thinker than Walter Lippmann.

"He is a sucker for the most faded

verbal orchid from the most cynical suitor. The worst book will get his best notices if he is favorably mentioned in it . . . He feels compelled on all occasions to remind the world that he is a central figure in the history of the 20th century. 'One hundred years from now I'm the only newspaperman they'll remember,' he told a private audience . . . He depicts himself as the eternal friend of the underdog . . . his only requirement is that the underdog remain forever on his leash.

"In his latter-day role of statesman, he is handicapped only by misinformation, lack of knowledge, capricious judgment and a cultivated aversion for the reading of books. 'Tell me what's in it,' he demands impatiently, 'don't make me read it.'" Said the *Post*: he prefers to let others



Werner Wolff—Black Star

PUBLISHER SCHIFF

"I had grown quite fond of Walter."

read, see, listen—and even write—for him. "Winchell's 'gossip' . . . is primarily the edited product of diligent, harassed press-agents who give him first choice on all evil that they see, hear or overhear—and some of the good, if it involves their own clients . . . The dividends are indirect: they collect proportionately from their clients for the touch of immortality that goes with the expression: 'He's close to Winchell.'" And, added the *Post*, they live in unholly terror that they will lose that touch.

The Other Winchells. The busiest of these unpaid, unsung legmen, as the *Post* tells it, are Pressagents Ed Weiner, Curt Weinberg and Irving Hoffman. Weiner is the columnist's "lobbyist, contact-man, straight-man-about-town"; Hoffman is a columnist for the *Hollywood Reporter*; Weinberg was Singer Josephine Baker's drum beater until the Stork Club incident, then Weinberg hastily dropped her. Also chased from the Winchell closet was an-

other figure that few other ghosts even knew about: Herman Klurfeld, 35, who sticks close to his Long Island home and is paid a reported \$250 a week by Winchell for writing his "schmalts" columns, such as "Man Playing with Words" ("Central Park: This is an island of repose bounded by a stone-and-steel sea").

Reader & Thinker. "But of the men behind Winchell," the *Post* said, Ernest Cuneo "deservedly leads the list." A one-time Columbia University lineman, Cuneo is WW's "attorney . . . book-reader . . . brain . . . at a reported . . . \$75,000 a year. [He] has undoubtedly offered the largest single contribution to his book of political knowledge and overheated opinion." Cuneo, friend of many of the early New Dealers, introduced Winchell into the inner circle of the New Deal, and, said the *Post*, guides most of Winchell's political opinions; lately, the *Post* implied, there apparently has been something of a rift, because "Cuneo clings to his old New Deal associates [while] Winchell increasingly sounds . . . Republican." (Cuneo last year bought a large interest in N.A.N.A., a news-feature service.)

One way in which Winchell sounds increasingly Republican, said the *Post*, is that he has "embraced" Senator Joe McCarthy. "It was fear rather than conviction that persuaded him to make love to Senator McCarthy. He ran for cover when McCarthy opened fire on Drew Pearson, spurning all appeals that he come to Pearson's defense."

"WWrongos." "Some of the most telling blows against Winchell were fashioned right out of his own columns. The *Post* found more than enough errors to run a daily box of Winchell "WWrongos" and his carefully disguised corrections. Example: "Irving Berlin, the poor songwriter, netted only \$650,000 (after taxes) in 1946." Two days later Winchell ran the veiled retraction: "Irving Berlin says the report that he made \$650,000 (after taxes) is bunk."

The *Post* also took a critical look at Winchell's relations with "the baddies" in the underworld. Commented the *Post*: "The baddies' have staked their newsboy pal to some pretty good beats," such as the surrender of Killer Lepke to Winchell on Aug. 24, 1939, and the murder of Mad Dog Coll. During the Kefauver hearings, Winchell ran a column of anecdotes in which he "remembered all sorts of things about Frank Costello—all nice," and followed it up later with an exclusive interview picturing him "as an authority on how to stamp out crime."

Counterattack? The *Post* does not minimize the power of Winchell as columnist and Sunday radio star. And the paper, which has boosted circulation by 35,000 (to 425,000) by the series, expects a counterattack soon, perhaps on Wechsler, an anti-Communist who was once a college Red. Says Jimmy Wechsler: "I hear Winchell's legmen are already working on my WWrongos."

But at week's end, Winchell had not let out a peep. Only note taken of the series was in Hearst's New York *Mirror*, his

FAMOUS AMERICAN HOMES



SYMBOL OF A VANISHED ERA

Because of the danger of wolves in the neighborhood, while Hampton was being built, the workmen were allowed to quit early each day in order to reach home before dark. This stately mansion near Baltimore was started in 1783 and was built by Charles Ridgely whose family had been early settlers in Maryland and had amassed wealth and won prominence in the colony.

Fond of hunting and good-fellowship, the genial Charles differed sharply from his domineering, intensely religious wife Rebecca. It was said she was the only living creature he feared. As Hampton was the fulfillment of a long-cherished ambition, when it neared completion he proposed to hold a lavish housewarming which Rebecca violently opposed. Her husband had his way but on the appointed evening, while he and his friends waxed merry at a stag party, Rebecca conducted a prayer meeting in another part of the house.

In 1790, a few months after the housewarming, Ridgely died and, having no children, left the estate to his nephew Charles Carnan with the proviso that he assume the name Ridgely. Rebecca, who could have had Hampton for her lifetime, preferred to accept another dwelling. Charles Carnan Ridgely devoted himself to developing the terraced gardens which became known for their beauty. He was Governor of Maryland for three years, and was married, oddly enough, to Rebecca's youngest sister.

After remaining in the possession of the Ridgely family for more than a century and a half, Hampton was deeded to the nation in 1947. Under the custodianship of the Society for the Preservation of Maryland Antiquities it is operated for the National Park Service.

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CHATTANOOGA 2, TENN.

❖ ❖

home base, Across Page One it ran the headline: **THERE IS ONLY ONE WALTER WINCHELL.** In this strange quiet, Publisher Schiff* raised her own voice, in her week-end *Post* column.

"I must admit that I had grown quite fond of Walter over the years," she wrote. "My maternal instinct, perhaps." As late as a year ago she had talked to him about switching his column from Hearst to the *Post*. But "now my sympathy for Winchell is a thing of the past . . . Maybe this series . . . will bring him to his senses, and he will cease his evil, vindictive campaigns against individuals who have displeased him."

Enter House & Home

To more than 100,000 subscribers this week went a brand-new magazine: *House & Home*, "for those who plan, build, buy, sell or finance new houses," *House & Home*, published by TIME Inc., is an outgrowth of *ARCHITECTURAL FORUM*, THE MAGAZINE OF BUILDING, which has been split into two separate magazines to provide better coverage of the fast-growing building industry. *House & Home* is published for residential building, while its sister publication, *ARCHITECTURAL FORUM* (circ. 45,000), will cover all other types of building (industrial, commercial, etc.). The monthly magazines will come out alternately, one every two weeks.

House & Home guaranteed its advertisers a trade circulation of 60,000, was such a success even before the first issue came off the press that it had more than 90,000 subscribers from the trade alone (price to them: \$5.50 a year; others: \$9.50). Its first issue carried 144 pages of ads.

A Measure of Freedom

Of the 18 papers in his empire, the late William Randolph Hearst was fondest of the San Francisco morning *Examiner* (circ. 225,000). Beyond being the No. 1 paper in San Francisco, it has long been the best in the Hearst chain, and The Chief gave it a measure of freedom that he granted to no other. The man who won and well used his independence: Publisher Clarence Richard Lindner, who was as different from most Hearst executives as the *Examiner* is from other Hearstpapers.

A plump, scholarly man with a connoisseur's taste for fine wines and first editions, Lindner's erudition awed his staff. He was an authority on the theater, a patron of the opera and symphony, a collector of Japanese prints and a dryly witty talker on such topics as 19th century literature. Largely self-taught, he was graduated from Manhattan's DeWitt Clinton High School and worked on several magazines and dailies as a reporter, ad manager and editor before he was spotted by Hearst's Prince of the Realm, Arthur Bris-

* Her ex-husband, Ted Thackrey, onetime *Post* editor and now editor and publisher of the Redlined New York *Compass*, tried last week to get into the *Post's* act. The *Compass* picked up an attack on Winchell, recently run in a Manhattan monthly tabloid called *Exposé*, and billed it as "The Quietest Exposé" on Winchell.

Food... **F**ilm... **F**abrics... **F**urniture...



Food is more plentiful because Nitrogen makes crops grow richly... boosts yields of corn, wheat and other crops. Spencer supplies 12.5% of all synthetic agricultural nitrogen.



Film means fun for all the family! Snapshots today are better because of improved chemicals. The emulsion on millions of rolls of film is dependent upon Nitric Acid made from ammonia.



Fabrics no longer rely on foreign-made dyestuffs. New chemicals make our American dyes equal to the world's best! Spencer is proud to supply companies in this field.

are four more of the 127 industries



Furniture glows with lustrous beauty because of superior stains and varnishes. Spencer Commercial Methanol is an intermediate in many of these finishes.



Vicksburg, Mississippi is the location of Spencer's newest expansion. When this huge \$11,000,000 plant is completed, Spencer can better serve industry and agriculture in the Southeast.



Fire extinguishers protect the lives and property of millions of Americans. Many of these extinguishers utilize liquid carbon dioxide, another basic chemical by Spencer.

that rely on basic chemicals by Spencer



Jayhawk Works, near Pittsburg, Kansas, is the largest of all Spencer plants. Here air, water, natural gas and coal are used to make basic chemicals used by hundreds of products!



Searching constantly for new and better materials are the skilled scientists in Spencer research laboratories. This staff may be able to help you develop products of mutual interest.



America's growing name in chemicals

SPENCER CHEMICAL COMPANY, Dwight Bldg., Kansas City 6, Mo. Manufactures of: Anhydrous Ammonia • Refrigeration Grade Ammonia • Aqua Ammonia
Methanol • Formaldehyde • Ammonium Nitrate Fertilizer • SPENSOL (Spencer Nitrogen Solutions) • 83% Ammonium Nitrate Solution • FRETALL (Spencer Dry Ice) • Liquid Carbon Dioxide

Time has proved . . .



No other Bond can match
that Kentucky Tavern taste

bane, who took him on as his assistant. At 31, Newsman Lindner was sent to Detroit to run the ailing Detroit *Times*, which Hearst had just bought. Lindner borrowed money from the bank to meet his first payroll, turned the *Times* into a money-maker. He was moved up to run the New York *American*, and in 1929 sent west to be boss of the *Examiner*.

As publisher of the *Examiner*, he shied away from canned Hearst projects, built its circulation to the highest in the city by "putting out a neighborhood paper for the guy next door." A quiet, popular boss with an impassive face and bearing of a benevolent Buddha, Lindner let Managing Editor William Wren run the paper, except for occasional suggestions. Almost every day until The Chief became too ill, Lindner was on the phone talking to him,



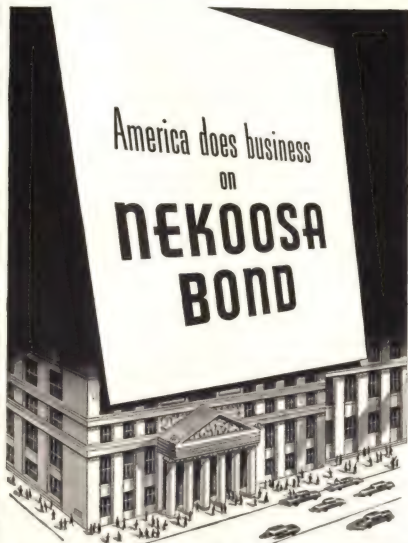
San Francisco Examiner—International
PUBLISHER LINDNER

Something for the guy next door.

advising old W.R. on financial and editorial matters, listening attentively to "suggestions," adopting some, diplomatically talking The Chief out of others. Lindner was one of the few who often disagreed with The Chief and he often won his points. But he never said so. Once, when asked by an acquaintance what he thought of President Truman's policies, Lindner gave one of his usual dry, diplomatic replies: "I work for Mr. Hearst and therefore have no opinions."

Last week, in his three-story house high atop San Francisco's Telegraph Hill, Clarence Lindner, 62, died of a heart attack. His chief competitor, the San Francisco *Chronicle's* Editor Paul Smith, provided an epitaph: "I respected Lindner because he outdid me on everything I ever tried to do."

Publisher Lindner's successor: Charles Mayer, 48, a Lindner protégé who went to the *Examiner* in 1926 direct from the University of California, has been business manager for the past 22 years.



Because Nekoosa Bond is pre-tested for strength, appearance and finish, it is a better paper to work with and the best paper to work on. Your printer will be glad to show you samples—for letterheads and for most of your other office forms.



BOND
Nekoosa
MADE IN U. S. A.

NEKOOSA-EDWARDS PAPER CO. • PORT EDWARDS, WISCONSIN

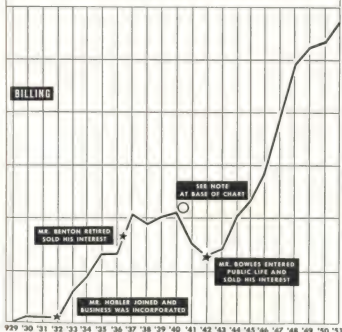
WHAT is Back of

Of 30 Products Advertised

25 Rank First or

Growth of Benton & Bowles

Since 1941, over 50% of yearly increase has come from existing clients in expanding campaigns and in new assignments.



NOTE: At the end of 1940, Benton & Bowles lost the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet account and the Continental Baking account. In 1941, and shortly thereafter, these were replaced with accounts in the same fields, which are among our present clients.

OVER the last ten years B&B has grown dramatically. Our business has more than tripled and the success of our clients' business has gone hand in hand with this growth.

Behind any record of business growth like this, it is natural to expect there is some core philosophy at work and a special set of circumstances.

Both are true in our case.

Our philosophy is simple. We believe the relationship of advertiser and agency is one of the most intimate of modern business relationships. On the agency's side, it is a partnership that must far transcend an interest in purely advertising operations. It embraces an interest in the business of our clients as a whole—their products, their sales and their profits.

This philosophy is, however, a minor part of the whole story. The major factor has been our clients. We have been fortunate in having experienced clients who know their business—from product and manufacturing to merchandising and pricing. And—they appreciate and know how to use the special talents an advertising agency can bring to bear.

Over 700 People to Serve 18 Clients

We have been favored, too, by special circumstances. The actual structure of our business has helped us achieve our working philosophy. For while B&B today ranks as a large agency, now among the first seven or eight in total billing, the number of clients we serve is relatively small.

THIS RECORD?

*Nationally by Benton & Bowles
Second in their Fields.*

There are only eighteen active accounts. With over 700 people made available to this number of clients, there is, we believe, a depth of service that fits in a well-rounded way each particular client's needs. Further, due to this almost unique structure of our business, we find that the principal heads of the business can and do have daily familiarity with and active participation in the accounts we serve.

We believe this close, personal interest and knowledge by the heads of our company, supported by

our large executive group and the range of facilities of a large agency, are circumstances not generally prevailing today. We are sure that this same personal concern invites the atmosphere of frankness and forthrightness which our clients have told us they appreciate in our relationship.

Advertisers interested in discussing client-agency relationships are cordially invited to get in touch with us. Many of our facilities are now sufficiently large to enable us to serve one or two additional companies without sacrifice to our present clients.

CLIENTS WE SERVE

GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
THE BEST FOODS, INC.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
ARNOLD BAKERS, INC.
PIPPERELL MANUFACTURING CO.
LENOX, INCORPORATED
THE DIAMOND MATCH COMPANY
THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

BENSON & HEDGES
GENERAL ELECTRIC Co.—
Chemical Division.
AVCO MANUFACTURING CORP.—
Crosley Division—Appliances,
Television and Radio Sets.
Lycoming-Spencer Division.
BITUMINOUS COAL INSTITUTE

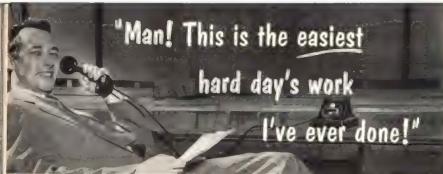
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY—
Travelers Cheques.
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.
BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BELLWOS & COMPANY, INC.

BENTON & BOWLES, Inc.

Atherton W. Hohler, Chairman of the Board; William R. Baker, Jr., President; Robert E. Lusk, Executive Vice-President

Advertising

444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



"Bless EDISON TELEVOICE! It gets me through a mountain of written work as easily as talking on the phone. I just pick up my TELEVOICE phone and talk. It's always connected to the recording instrument which my secretary keeps on her desk. I enjoy a direct line from thought to action!"



1 girl serves 20 dictators!

Or more! Forget the secretary shortage--and begin to use secretarial capacity you never dreamed you had. TELEVOICE cuts instrument dictation costs as much as 66 2/3%. Just put a TELEVOICE station at every desk--and watch how fast the work flows out!



Ideal running mate!

Famous DISC EDISON VOICEWRITER, with exclusive High-Definition recording, integrates perfectly with the TELEVOICE system for those who want or need a heavy-duty instrument all their own. For every dictating situation, you can always rely on EDISON!



Eye-opening booklet! Ideas and help by the bookfull! And the whole sensational success story of TELEVOICE. Send for your copy--now! Or arrange demonstration by phoning our local representative. In Canada: Thomas A. Edison of Canada, Ltd., Toronto 1, Ontario.

EDISON TELEVOICewriter

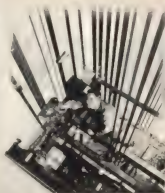
The Televoice System

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

Ediphone Division
West Orange, New Jersey

EDISON, 1 Lakeside Ave., West Orange, N. J.
Okay--send me A LINE ON TELEVOICE

NAME _____
TITLE _____
COMPANY _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



TELEVOICE SPEEDS SERVICE FOR OTIS AT 53% LOWER COST!

Up to 24 hours saved! From on-the-spot inspection reports, the General Service Manager's office (see photo below) of Otis Elevator Company writes detailed service instructions that keep more than 47,000 elevators running at top performance.

Here, speed is essential. Thanks to EDISON TELEVOICE, dictated maintenance instructions and estimates are now turned into typed orders in a matter of minutes. Previously, delays ran up to 24 hours.

At Otis, four TELEVOICewriter recorders (one shown below) serve 35 low-cost TELEVOICE phones in 11 departments. They replace 39 old individual instruments which had become obsolete--at a saving in equipment cost alone of 53%! And Otis reports other big pluses in swift, convenient service and "amazing" transcription accuracy.



Thousands of businesses--large and small--in all fields agree with Otis that TELEVOICE is the handier, faster, more direct line to action on written work. You owe it to yourself to learn how EDISON TELEVOICE can speed your flow of business and save you money! Mail the coupon today -- or call our representative.



BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Real Pinch Is Here

All along the civilian production front last week, squawks of anguish pierced the air. The defense mobilizers, anxious to speed up the laggard flow of guns, announced second-quarter production quotas which made a deeper slash into civilian goods than most businessmen had expected. The casualties:

❑ The housing industry, which started 1,000,000 houses last year and had expected enough materials to produce 800,000 this year, will get only enough materials to build 600,000.

❑ The appliance industry, which had ex-



JACK FRYE
Who's a favorite?

pected to maintain the 1951 last-quarter production, got another stiff 10% slash (to 45% of pre-Korea output).

Only the auto industry, which did its squawking early and was plagued by unemployment, got a bigger slice. Its steel quota, originally set for 800,000 cars, was boosted to 900,000. But there was a big catch: the industry will get only enough copper and aluminum for 800,000 cars, will have to stretch it or find substitutes. So far, substitutes have not proved too practical. General Motors, which started using coated steel radiators seven months ago, found them rusting so badly that G.M. estimated it would spend \$5,000,000 replacing the defective units.

Mobilization Boss Charles E. Wilson, aware that civilian production could scarcely stand any more slashes, also started moving in on the defense-supporting industries which now take a large part of all U.S. steel. He trimmed the steel for freight-car production from 9,500 cars a month last year to 5,000.

GOVERNMENT

Super Gravy Train?

One of the big scandals of the Harding Administration was in the Office of Alien Property. For accepting a \$50,000 kickback on a World War I claim, OAP Custodian Thomas W. (for Woodruff) Miller was sent to prison. OAP gradually went out of business, was revived in 1942 as a Justice Department division under Democratic Politico Leo Crowley. Since then it has controlled as much as \$500 million worth of alien properties seized in World War II, still manages 39 active companies and assets of nearly \$300 million.

Last week Wisconsin's Republican Senator Alexander Wiley decided that the time had come to investigate OAP again. He introduced a resolution calling on the Senate Judiciary Committee to do so. Wiley said he had been "flooded with tips and leads" alleging "certain irregularities" in OAP, "questionable dealings and behind-the-scenes connivance." As he had told the Senate earlier, he wanted to know if it were true that OAP had turned into "a super gravy train" with gravy pouring down certain Democratic vests.

Questions & Answers. Wiley named no names, made no specific charges. But he asked some questions:

❑ How many men "employed by the OAP used their positions as a steppingstone to later employment . . . with OAP vested corporations at two, three or five times the former salaries?"

❑ Why hadn't OAP yet sold off some of its giant holdings, such as the \$125 million General Aniline & Film Corp. and the \$15 million Schering Corp. (hormones and anti-histamines)?

❑ What about the fat salaries and expense accounts paid to executives of OAP companies, and the awarding of huge legal fees to Democratic regulars?

Apparently Wiley had his eye on such statistics as 1) the \$72,000 salary paid to General Aniline President Jack Frye, once head of T.W.A., and 2) the \$500,000-plus in salary and legal fees paid by Aniline to Louis Johnson and his law firm before he became Secretary of Defense. Jack Frye and Harold Baynton, 48-year-old Government lawyer who was made Assistant Attorney General and boss of OAP in 1950, undertook to answer Wiley's questions.

No Favorites. There was no favoritism, they said, either in OAP jobs or in legal fees. The salaries paid to Democrat Johnson (as president of an Aniline subsidiary) and Jack Frye, for example, were far less than their predecessors got when the companies were in private hands. Aniline's legal fees had also been smaller under OAP. Aniline and Schering hadn't yet been sold to the public, explained Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, because of "complex corporate problems" and "protracted litigation" (which in Schering's case ended almost three years ago).

McGrath assured Senator Wiley that Schering would be put up for public sale next month. But what was the hurry anyway? Under OAP control, Aniline's sales had more than doubled (to \$99 million last year), and assets of both companies had soared.

OAP Boss Harold Baynton himself might come in for a little investigating. There was, for example, the fact that his wife was seen sporting a mink coat at the very time that mink became suddenly unfashionable on Democratic women's shoulders. Baynton said that the coat was merely borrowed for two months from the wife of his old friend Harold Horowitz, whom Baynton made \$26,000-a-year president



HAROLD BAYNTON
What's the hurry?

of E. Leitz, Inc. (Leica cameras), another OAP enterprise.

Wiley has never thought to mention how he himself got interested in the Office of Alien Property. OAP caught his attention last spring when his brother-in-law unsuccessfully represented the International Silk Guild in a \$57,800 claim against the agency. Later, Wiley's interest in OAP was unaccountably heightened by ex-OAP Boss Crowley, now a big railroad-er in Wiley's home state. Crowley suddenly showed up in Washington to promote a better deal for Ernest Halbach, U.S.-born former president of General Dystuff, Aniline's marketing subsidiary. Halbach was kept on as a consultant at \$102,500 a year when the company was seized by the U.S., was later paid \$575,000 for his stock. At Crowley's urging, Wiley unsuccessfully sponsored a measure to increase Halbach's settlement.

In any case, the investigation might never amount to much, because, like everything in 1952 Washington, it could

A North Country Trapper...like Cast Iron Pipe... has ***STAMINA!**

Trekking long distances in the frozen North, on a trapline or behind a dog-sled, demands stamina. And, just as surely, pipe must have stamina to serve for a century or more as cast iron water and gas mains are doing in more than 30 cities in the United States and Canada. In the generations since these gallant old mains were installed horse-drawn vehicles have given way to multi-ton trucks and buses. Under the streets crowded utility services have been constructed. Yet cast iron pipe has withstood the resultant traffic-shock and beam-stresses because of its shock-strength, beam-strength and crushing-strength. No pipe, deficient in any of these strength-factors of long life, should ever be laid in paved streets of cities, towns and villages.



**CAST
IRON
PIPE**



* In a 340-mile midwinter race against death to bring serum to Nome, Alaska, a dog-team and driver covered more than 90 miles in a single day—a feat still remembered after 25 years.

Cast Iron Pipe Research Association,
Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director,
122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

SERVES FOR CENTURIES

be slowed down by the wheels within the wheels, Nevada's Senator Pat McCarran, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, might not want to investigate OAP at all. McCarran is a longtime friend of OAP Boss Harold Baynton; in fact, he sponsored Baynton for the job.

Support for Olives

Comparatively few Americans regard olive oil as indispensable to their tables, nor is the olive industry indispensable to the U.S. economy. Some 3,000 California and Arizona olive farmers supply only 10% of all olive oil consumed in the U.S. But when oil prices fell recently because of record foreign and domestic crops, the olive growers cried for help—and the sharp-eared Department of Agriculture heard it. Last week the department announced that it would support the price of domestic olive oil at \$2.50 a gallon, the current price.

AVIATION

The DC-7

Douglas Aircraft announced a new civilian plane, the DC-7. The four-engined commercial transport will have a top speed of more than 400 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of more than 360 m.p.h., 50 m.p.h. faster than the DC-6. Eight feet longer than the DC-6, the new plane will have wider aisles and seats and carry 60 to 95 passengers, v. 46 to 70 in the DC-6. American Airlines has 25 DC-7s on order, will put the first planes in service in 1954.

UTILITIES

A Ghost Walks

"The only reason the Harrison Williamses don't live like princes," observed a Manhattan man during 1929's golden bull market, "is that princes can't afford to live like the Harrison Williamses."

Few Wall Streeters could match the Midas touch and power of Williams. An Ohio boy who ran a tricycle factory at 10, he brought his profits to Manhattan, multiplied them in the tire business, then got in on the ground floor of the great electric power boom. By 1924, with a total investment of \$2,072,000, he had won 96% control of the great Central States Electric Corp. combine, and with it reared a pyramid of utilities topped by his fabulous North American holding company. The great expansion of the nation and the big bull market boomed his companies. Between 1924 and 1929, Central States stock was split 60-fold. Although North American's earnings had risen only from \$3.86 a share to \$4.82, the value of its outstanding stock had shot from \$26 million to \$450 million. Williams ruled one-sixth of all U.S. public utilities and his fortune had grown to \$650 million. When someone asked why he didn't quit with that, Williams said: "I wanted to make it an even billion."

The Grand Manner. He lived magnificently. When Widower Williams married twice-divorced Mona Bush, a handsome Kentucky belle 24 years his junior,



The most comfortable town in the world

Spotted along the thread of 30-inch pipe that stretches across the driest, hottest land in the world . . . are the *most comfortable towns* in the world.

These are the communities of men—and their families—who tend the pumping stations on the Trans-Arabian pipeline. It's the 1068-mile pipeline that saves hauling oil by tanker 3200 miles from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean.

Here the heat hits 115° in summer. Here, alternately, *shamals* (dust storms) cover the towns with dry silt, then the hot winds bring up drenching humidity from the Persian Gulf. It's a vicious combination that adds up to the toughest operating conditions in the world.

Yet the homes and the buildings surrounding the pumping stations and water holes are cool and comfortable the whole year 'round—air-conditioned completely by Worthington. A central system pipes cold water through insulated street mains to individual air-cooling units.

It's another spectacular case of Worthington diversification . . . for

Worthington *also* furnished the Diesel engines to power the pumping stations—59 of them, and many other types of equipment, too.

Such diversification builds stability . . . makes Worthington, 112 years old, a strong link in the far-flung chain of American Business.

Worthington Pump and Machinery Corporation, Harrison, N. J.

WORTHINGTON



THE SIGN OF VALUE AROUND THE WORLD

1.15



Efficient Power

steam power plant equipment • engines • generators
power transmission



Better Roads and Construction

Blue Brute air compressors
air tools • pumps • mixers
pavers



Chemical Products

Worthite anti-corrosive
pumps • steam-jet ejectors
water treatment



Lower Cost Manufacturing

pumps • compressors • air
conditioning and refrigeration
welding positioners

And other machinery for GOOD WATER AND SANITATION, PETROLEUM PRODUCTS, MORE ABUNDANT FOOD, FASTER, MORE COMFORTABLE TRANSPORTATION

You're kidding!
Can Patapar really
be that good?



Maybe it *is* hard to believe that any paper could have all the unique qualities of Patapar Vegetable Parchment. But it's true. Patapar has high wet-strength. It resists grease. It's odorless, tasteless and boil-proof.

Likes hard jobs

As a packaging material, plain or colorfully printed, Patapar protects perishable foods such as butter, cheese, bacon, margarine, poultry, fish. It is used for putty wrappers, drafting paper, separators for special tiny batteries, rubber mold liners and many other industrial applications.

179 different types

Standard weights and types of Patapar are ideal for most uses. When certain extra qualities are specifically desired, we recommend special types. In all, there are 179 different types of Patapar tailored to meet exacting requirements.

To find out how Patapar might help you in your business, write for sample and Booklet T, "The Story of Patapar."



Look for this
keymark on
Patapar
food wrappers

Patapar

HI-WET-STRENGTH
GREASE-RESISTING PARCHMENT

Paterson Parchment Paper Company
Hillsdale, Pennsylvania

West Coast Plants: 340 Bryant St., San Francisco 7
Sales Office: New York, Chicago

Headquarters for Vegetable Parchment since 1885

their honeymoon was spent on Williams' *Warrior*, then the world's largest yacht. He bought villas at Capri, Palm Beach, Long Island, Judge Gary's Fifth Avenue mansion and a Paris town house. Perennially, couturiers hailed Mona Williams as the best-dressed woman in the world.

The market crash set Williams' pyramid toppling. The New Deal's SEC, using the "death sentence" of the holding company act of 1935, began dispersing his empire. North American was forced to sell most of its utilities (e.g., Pacific Gas & Electric, Cleveland Electric Illuminating, Illinois Power), and Central States went into reorganization. But Harrison Williams, now 78, is still boss of North American, which has \$110 million in assets, and is still a multimillionaire.

Last week, in Manhattan's federal court, Harrison Williams, whom neither crash nor Depression nor SEC could down, got one of the hardest blows of his career. In a 109-page opinion which set the ghosts of the 1929 market stalking through his courtroom, Judge Edward Weinfeld found that Williams had taken for his own uses \$11.4 million which actually belonged to Central States. He ordered Williams to pay it back, plus interest all the way back to 1929. Williams planned to carry his appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, but if the verdict stands, it will cost him an estimated \$17 to \$20 million, one of the biggest judgments against any individual in U.S. history.

The Big Deal. The case, which had dragged through the courts for seven years, involved a suit brought by the trustees reorganizing Central States. They sued Williams and others* who had joined with him in founding two of 1929's biggest, and most ill-fated, investment trusts: Shenandoah Corp. and Blue Ridge Corp. In September 1929, Blue Ridge Corp. bought 68,423 shares of North American stock, at \$167 a share, from Williams' other holding company, Central States. Since Central States had carried the stock on its books at \$11 a share, it made a \$10.7 million book profit on the deal. But Central States never got the profit. Williams took 68,423 North American shares of his own, transferred them to Central States. Then he transferred Blue Ridge's payment to companies owned 100% by him and which, Judge Weinfeld ruled, were, in effect, "his pockets." Later, the court noted, Williams had all of his companies destroy every record of his personal transactions, added: "Williams violated his fiduciary obligations to the corporation."

In turning back history to 1929, Judge Weinfeld set off some 1929-style reactions. The preferred stocks of Central States, which had long since shrunk to a nubbin, came suddenly to life. Overnight, the \$7

* Other codefendants, cleared of any responsibility in damaging Central States, included such Wall Street notables as Lawyer John Foster Dulles, Sidney Weinberg, partner of Goldman, Sachs (TIME, June 11); Clarence Dillon, head of Dillon, Read & Co.; Waddill Catchings, former senior partner of Goldman, Sachs and co-author of *The Road to Plenty*, which helped inspire Herbert Hoover's 1929 theory of permanent prosperity.



HARRISON WILLIAMS
He wanted an even billion.

preferred shot up from 22 to 35 a share, the \$6 preferred from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$, and even the common stock, deemed almost worthless, rose from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. In a backhand sort of way, the rise was a vote of confidence in Harrison Williams—that is, in his ability to pay the money, if he must.

HIGH FINANCE

A Selling Fool

Nobody in Denver ever saw a salesman who could match bluff Fred Ward, 43, a 200-lb. slicker who "could talk a mole out of his hole." He blew into town in 1939, soon landed a job selling Dodges. In two years, he was selling more Dodges than anybody else in the region, set up his own business, Fred Ward Inc., and started selling Hudsons. Soon he was distributor for Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico and Nebraska.

Hudson, which gets about 2% of all U.S. auto sales, found itself getting 14% of all sales in Ward's territory. In 1949, Ward sold 1,359 cars in Denver County alone; only Ford and Chevrolet sold more. He chartered planes to carry customers free to Detroit, where they could save the freight on their cars by driving them back. Hudson hailed this as one of the most successful promotion stunts in its history.

Ward lived in a manner befitting his success. At Hilltop Acres, his \$200,000 estate commanding a spectacular view of the Rockies, he gave night-long parties. Once, at 4 a.m., when a guest remarked that La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe, N. Mex. served wonderful pancakes, Ward chartered a DC-3 and flew all his guests there for a pancake breakfast.

Ward knew everybody, including Colorado's Governor Dan Thornton. When



In Airfreight—we were the “Founding Fathers”

American Pioneered In Airfreight — Has Handled More Freight Than Any Other Airline...

ALMOST A DECADE AGO, American Airlines inaugurated the first airfreight service in the United States. In the constant improvement of this service, we were also first to open our own freight terminals; first to put airfreight on daily schedules; and first to develop special new freight-handling equipment and techniques.

This experience, broadened over the years, is far more than an assur-

ance that your shipments will be expertly handled and reliably delivered by American Airlines. It means that we are better qualified to help solve your distribution problems than any other airline.

We'll be glad to prove this right in your own office, knowing that you will then decide to join the hundreds of companies already profiting from our pioneer background. Simply wire us collect and a representative will call on you promptly. American Airlines, Cargo Sales Division, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.



Check American First For Every Airfreight Problem—Here's Why

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Floyd H. McCall—Denver Post
SALESMAN WARD & COLORADO'S GOVERNOR THORNTON
The puzzling things began to happen later.

Rancher Thornton sold a prize steer for a charity benefit (*see cut*). Ward cheerfully made the high bid of \$6,000. Just as cheerfully, Thornton later lent Ward \$10,000 for a quick deal in return for a post-dated \$12,500 check (the extra \$2,500 was to be Thornton's profit). The governor was puzzled when the check bounced.

Then other puzzling things began to happen.

Borrowed Horses. Denver's U.S. National Bank, which had lent Ward a total of \$476,000, made an inventory last summer of Ward's stock of cars to see if it jibed with his statement to the bank. It didn't. U.S. National threw Ward into receivership, discovered that his \$539,000 of "accounts receivable" consisted of money that Ward owed to his own company, J. K. Mullen Investment Co., which had gladly lent Ward another \$200,000, also tumbled into receivership.

Then Reporter Wayne Phillips of the *Denver Post* began checking the facts of Ward's phenomenal "success story." Phillips discovered that Ward had served nine months in the state penitentiary in 1939 for forgery. And Ward's racing stable, with which he had made a great hit with the local horsey set, was actually owned by Colorado's big-time gambler O. E. ("Smiling Charlie") Stephens, whom Ward had met in the pen. Reporter Phillips turned up another interesting fact: Ward was paying a \$500 a month "consultant" fee to Lester Hall, executive vice president of U.S. National Bank, which had made him his biggest loans.

Locking the Door. Last week a special grand jury indicted Ward on charges of defrauding Denver banks and individuals of \$1,353,370. Hall was fired from the bank and also indicted. At the news,

Thomas Dines, who had retired as president of the U.S. National Bank four years ago and let his son take over the job, took a strong hand in bank affairs. His son stepped down to the vice presidency. In as president, to salvage the bank's reputation, came one of Denver's first citizens, Albert N. Williams, 63, ex-president of Western Union and Westinghouse Air Brake.

At week's end, Ward was still living on his estate, and still selling. He was marketing a Dry-Gas fire extinguisher. "It's just fine," said Fred Ward, "a wonderful product, greatest thing for gasoline, grease and electrical fires I've ever seen."

MODERN LIVING

Ship Ahoy

With the shrill blast of a bo'sun's call, the 42nd annual National Motor Boat Show was opened in Manhattan's Grand Central Palace last week, and the first of some 250,000 sailors and would-be sailors were "piped aboard."

Biggest news at the show this year are mass-produced, prefabricated "kit-boats," which an amateur boatbuilder can put together for as little as 50% of the cost of buying a finished boat. Completely pre-cut, right down to drilled holes and fitted joints, the kit-boats range in size from an 8-ft. pram by Roberts Industries (\$35) and an 18-ft. outboard cruiser by Manhattan's U-Mak-It (\$528 without motor) to a 31-ft. Chris-Craft cabin cruiser (\$1,995). Chris-Craft alone has nine kit-boat models, has turned over their Canuthersville, Mo. factory to making them. Said one Chris-Craft man: "Anybody who can read English can put together one of these kits."

With metals growing short, many boat-

makers are switching to plastics and molded plywood hulls, which are easier to maintain and often sturdier. Sample: the 24-ft. Raven sailboat, a new racing class which has caught on fast, is now being made of Fiberglass, permanently impregnated with paint (\$2.885 without sails). Light, low-priced planing sailboats are coming into their own. Simplest of all is the surfboard-like Sailfish, from 10 ft. to 14 ft. (\$179 to \$295, or in a kit, \$139.50 to \$179.50). Roberts Industries has a tiny 8-ft. sailing pram, the Guppy, for \$117.50 (\$225 assembled).

The defense program has already pinched readymade luxury boats. Some big boatmakers, e.g., Matthews Co., have switched over to defense contracts almost entirely, and were not represented at the show. Richardson Boat Co. has sold all of its 1952 stock of 29-ft. and 33-ft. models and can make no more. Owens Yacht Co. Inc. has so much Government work that it now builds only one 30-ft. express cruiser.

Welin Davit & Boat has used its experience in building Navy lifeboats to turn out a new unsinkable, all-steel 26-ft. pleasure cruiser. Built with two large steel air tanks under its cockpit deck, it stays afloat and can run on its own power even when full of water. Its engine is sealed in a watertight compartment with a snorkel-type exhaust. Price: \$7,000, about \$7,000 more than sinkable boats of similar design.

Prices on many types of boat have inched up in the last year, and more increases are in store. Both Chris-Craft and Wheeler Yacht Co. announced a hike, and other companies are due to follow. But there still seem to be enough well-heeled customers to buy even the most luxurious yachts. Chris-Craft—to "meet demand"—puts out a 62-ft. yacht. Price: \$121,750.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Bumper's Bumper. Chicago's Hush Bumpers, Inc. is ready to put on sale pneumatic plastic auto-bumper guards which can be attached next to standard bumper guards or used to replace them entirely. The Shmoos-shaped hush bumpers come in a variety of car colors. In tests, they absorbed the shock of a car collision at 12 m.p.h. Price: \$7.50 to \$9.

Ultrasonic Soldering. London's Mulard Ltd. is exporting an ultrasonic soldering iron which the company hopes will be used to solder aluminum instead of welding and riveting it. The hot point of the iron vibrates so rapidly that the high-pitched "sound" it generates erodes the aluminum oxide that must be eaten away before a solder joint can be made. Then, using standard soft solder, the iron makes a neat, strong joint. Export price: \$270.15.

Quick-Dry. A new quick-drying wall paint for undercoating called "Sealer-Coater" was put on the market by Du Pont. It comes in white only (but may be tinted), dries in less than two hours under normal conditions so that another coat can quickly be painted over it. Price per gallon: \$5.80.

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January 9, 1952

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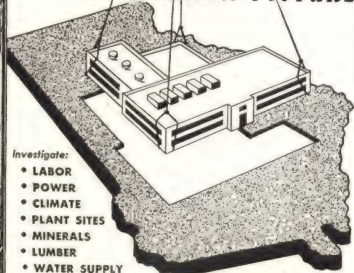
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MILESTONES

Born. To Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., 37, Democratic Congressman from New York, and Suzanne Perrin Roosevelt, 30: their first child, his third (first daughter); in Manhattan. Name: Nancy. Weight: 9 lbs. 1 oz.

Married. Sumner Welles, 59, elegant onetime Under Secretary of State (1937-43), a chief architect of the Good Neighbor policy, author on foreign relations (*The Time for Decision, Seven Decisions That Shaped History*); and Mrs. Harriette A. Post, 57, Manhattan socialite; both for the third time; in Manhattan.

Married. Ferde Grofé (Ferdinand Rudolph von Grofé), 59, American composer (*Grand Canyon Suite*); and Mrs. Anna May Lampton, 43; he for the second time; in Las Vegas.

Died. Dr. William Henry Dean, 41, sometime lecturer in economics at New York City College and chief of the U.N.'s African Economic Development Unit; by his own hand; in a gas-filled Harlem apartment.

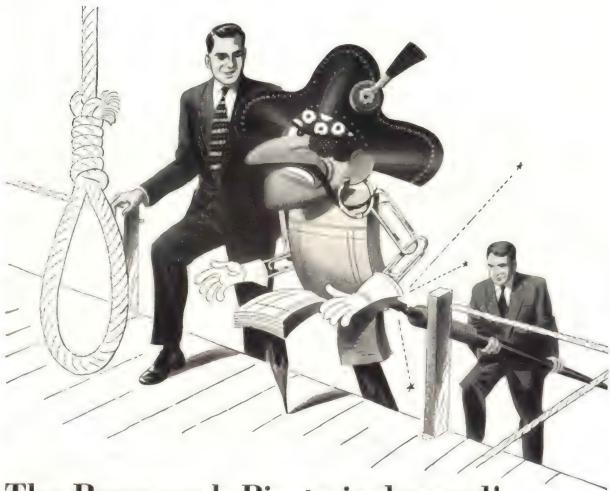
Died. Harry A. Woodruff, 48, Manhattan importer and onetime vice consul in Tunis (1941-42); by his own hand (gunshot); in Brooklyn. In North Africa, as assistant to Robert D. Murphy, then counselor of the U.S. Embassy in Vichy, Woodruff worked in the undercover preparations for the U.S. invasion, won the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre and U.S. Medal for Merit.

Died. General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, 62, French High Commissioner and Commander in Chief in Indo-China; of a prostate tumor; in Paris (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Clarence Richard Lindner, 62, publisher of the San Francisco *Examiner* and vice president-director of Hearst Consolidated Publications; of a heart attack; in San Francisco (see PRESS).

Died. Clement M. Keys, 75, organizer and first president of Curtiss-Wright Corp. and longtime aviation financier; after long illness; in Manhattan. In the post-World War I slump he bought control of the old Glenn Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Co., by 1929 had 1) financed \$80 million worth of aviation enterprises, 2) formed the Transcontinental Air Transport, forerunner of T.W.A., with Charles A. Lindbergh as technician-executive, 3) helped finance the first trans-U.S. airmail and passenger services, 4) started the first passenger service in China.

Died. P. R. Crump, 104, Alabama's last veteran of the War between the States; in Lincoln, Ala. Enlisting in the 10th Alabama Regiment in 1863, he saw action in the Virginia campaign, witnessed General Lee's surrender.



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Three of a Kind

The big-budget western with expensive box-office names sometimes takes its root in history—or in an unreasonable facsimile:

Lone Star (M-G-M) shows how Clark Gable and Ava Gardner helped persuade the Republic of Texas to become one of the United States. Gable plays a soldier of fortune dispatched by ex-President Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) to Texas Patriarch Sam Houston with a message urging Texas statchood. Ava ("That's a lot of woman") is an Austin editor who sides with Broderick Crawford, would-be dictator of an independent Texas empire, until Gable closes her eyes in kisses and opens them to what is best for Texas.

All the movie's Texans, even the villains, keep their word of honor, respect womanhood and fight at the drop of a line of dialogue. When Gable and Crawford clash at the barricades before the Texas senate, mass slaughter breaks out. Then, at a word from the revered Houston (Moroni Olsen), the two leaders settle the issue in a fist fight, the ground suddenly clears of casualties, and both sides go off to fight the Mexicans.

Gable's mission also calls for hard riding, fast shooting, smooth talking and some of the patented old swagger that endears him to fans. When reproached for ogling Ava instead of tending to business, he replies: "I just believe in living a balanced life—a little of this, a little of that."

Distant Drums (Warner) is the Technicolor record of a daring exploit by Gary Cooper in the Florida of 1840, clearing the way for General Zachary Taylor's victory in the seven-year Seminole War. Swamp Fighter Cooper is an Army captain who lives among friendly Indians and designs his own uniforms out of buckskin. With a handful of men, he sneaks across Lake Okeechobee and blows up a strategic Spanish fort.

But the tough job is getting back, chased by enraged Seminoles and burdened by a party of hostages freed at the fort, including Mari Aldon, a new blonde starlet whose specialty seems to be breasting her way through thick undergrowth. When all seems lost, Cooper, like Hero Gable (see above), forces a decision in a hand-to-hand fight with the Seminole chief, this time with knives under water.

Red Mountain (Hol Wallis; Paramount) harks back to the most persistent historic figure in recent horse opera: General William Clarke Quantrell, the Rebel guerrilla. This time, in Technicolor, Alan Ladd foils the greedy designs that the script lays to Quantrell: a scheme for carving out his own empire in the West.

Playing a true-grey Confederate captain on his way to join Quantrell (John Ireland), Ladd shoots a gold assayer to even an old score, then takes captive a prospector (Arthur Kennedy) and his fiancée (Lizabeth Scott), who want to turn him over to the sheriff. He hands the prisoners to Quantrell. Gradually, as he falls for



SCOTT & LADD
He foiled the rebels.

Yankee Sympathizer Scott, Ladd joins the prisoners in a desperate fight against the guerrillas and their Indian allies. Finale: like Heroes Gable and Cooper (see above) Ladd evens things up in a man-to-man tussle—with pistols and knives, on horseback, afoot and prone.

New Picture

I'll See You in My Dreams (Warner), Hollywood's latest biography of a songwriter, suggests that the inhabitants of Tin Pan Alley, who are sometimes accused of borrowing their songs, also pattern their lives on one another. This time the old,



GARDNER & GABLE
She interrupted business.



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sentimentalized story of humble beginnings, success, defeat and comeback—all neatly studded with song cues—has as its hero the late, prolific lyricist Gus Kahn (1886-1941).

A typical scene shows Kahn (Danny Thomas) gnawing a cigar in a nightclub, distractedly hatching an idea for a lyric to a new tune. His wife (Doris Day) breaks his creative trance to tell him that she is pregnant, Kahn brightens and says happily: "I've got it! We'll call the number *Pretty Baby!*"

Operating under such handicaps of plot, but with the help of some amusing dialogue, Nightclub Comic Danny Thomas puts remarkable warmth into a portrait of Kahn. The songwriter is pictured as an earnest craftsman of simple tastes, shy beneath a brash surface, who needed, resented and forgave his wife's constant efforts to push him forward. Actor Thomas' performance won him a four-year Warner contract before the picture's release.

Though Kahn's lyrics are distinguished mainly for the volume in which he turned them out, his collaborators, notably Walter Donaldson (Frank Lovejoy), wrote many a good tune, and the film riffs through a fat catalogue of such old hits as *It Had to Be You*, *Love Me or Leave Me*, *Memories*, *Nobody's Sweetheart Now*, *The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else*.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. A curious, powerful Japanese film built on four conflicting versions of an ancient crime of violence (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A semi-documentary spy melodrama on a grand scale, picturing the physical and spiritual chaos of Germany on the eve of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. A comic masterpiece of fantasy by Italy's Director Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. The costliest (\$6,400,000) movie ever made, a colossal melodramatic spectacle about Christianity & paganism in Nero's Rome; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Britain's Michael Redgrave, as a Mr. Chips-in-reverse, in Playwright Terence Rattigan's story of an unloved master on his way out of an English public school (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Broadway Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective-squad room becomes an even better movie as filmed by Director William Wyler; with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 29).

An American in Paris. A buoyant, imaginative musical, full of fine dances and as compelling as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, handsomely translated by Writer-Director John Huston into one of the best war films ever made; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).



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Bright-Eyed Rationalism

NEW HOPES FOR A CHANGING WORLD (213 pp.)—Bertrand Russell—Simon & Schuster (\$3).

Like any full-time heavyweight thinker, British philosopher Bertrand Arthur William Russell juggles many kinds of ideas, some sound, and some mere sound. Sifting them apart has kept his critics in a dither for half a century, and may furrow posterity's brow even longer. The Socialist earl, now 79, has taken all knowledge for his sphere and kicked it around like a soccer ball.

Euclid & God. Even as a boy, he disliked rules. He mastered geometry at eleven, but resented having to accept the axioms of Euclid. Years later, this spark of rebellion touched off an explosive book, *Principia Mathematica*, in which he and the late great Alfred North Whitehead treated mathematics as "a branch of logic," and armed philosophers with a complex thinking tool known as "symbolic logic."

Wide-ranging in his interests, Russell got fed up with mathematics, began applying his own brand of logic to social problems. His friendship with Sidney and Beatrice Webb led him into Fabian Socialism. Bit by bit, he gave away every shilling of his inherited income of £600 a year. He felt "that it was not right for a Socialist to have a private income." Russell never lacked the courage of his unconventional convictions. In World War I he was a pacifist, and paid for it with his Cambridge teaching post, his personal library, and six months in jail.

A decade later, with the second of his three wives, Russell launched one of England's first (and fiercest) progressive schools. Its motto might have been: "Education without representation is tyranny." The children frolicked about in the nude, attended classes voluntarily, once voted to abolish bedtime. According to one story, the local rector knocked on the school door one day, and when he was greeted by a stark-naked nine-year-old girl, spluttered, "Good God!" Retorted the child, as she slammed the door: "There is no God."

Adultery & C.C.N.Y. Russell's views on sex and marriage raised eyebrows, temperatures, and the sales of his books on two continents. A man whose own marriages had proved something of a trial, he was a staunch advocate of trial marriage. The purpose of marriage, he said, is primarily to make a home for children. The more deeply the parents are in love, the better, but if that cannot be, then "infidelity in such circumstances ought to form no barrier whatever to subsequent happiness, and in fact it does not, where the husband and wife do not consider it necessary to in-

dulge in melodramatic orgies of jealousy."

In 1940 a Brooklyn housewife, affronted by such unorthodox sentiments, sued successfully to bar Bertrand Russell from his appointment to teach mathematics and logic at the College of the City of New York. In a melodramatic orgy of name-calling, his writings were attacked as "lecherous, salacious, libidinous, lustful, venerous, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac, atheistic, irreverent, narrow-minded, untruthful and bereft of moral fiber." Ten years later, the Nobel Prize Committee handed down a dissenting opinion by giving him its 1950 award for literature.

Nearing 80, Bertrand Russell is less of a controversial figure, but still a lively one.



Larry Burrows

BERTRAND RUSSELL
Back to the faith of his fathers.

Living in a comfortable house in suburban London, he begins a workday at 8 a.m. with three or four cups of tea, ends it with a straight gin before dinner at 7. In between, he sometimes dictates up to 2,200 words, delivers frequent talks over the BBC, only regrets that he can no longer walk more than five miles at a stretch. Whatever shocks he has left to give to the 20th century he is putting into his autobiography, to be published after his death.

There are no shockers in his latest book, *New Hopes for a Changing World*. In it, Bertrand Russell returns pretty much to the faith of his fathers: 19th century bright-eyed rationalism. Man, as Russell sees it, is perennially engaged in three basic conflicts: 1) against nature, 2) against other men, 3) against himself. To resolve these conflicts, *New Hopes* proposes an old and basic remedy: the use of reason. Russell proposes to balance the human equation.

70,000 Mouths. Modern man, he thinks, is usually one up on nature, but runaway population growth threatens to wolf up the earth's natural resources; there are 70,000 more mouths to feed every day, 25 million more every year. The Russell solution: universal birth control. "So far as this matter is concerned there is less superstition in the East than in Massachusetts or Connecticut."

On a global scale, the conflict of man against man means World War III. Nationalism is today "the chief force making for the extermination of the human race." The Russell solution: "A single Government for the whole planet." But he concedes that "world Government is not possible unless Communism is overthrown or conquers the whole world." No friend of the Soviet system, Russell prefers the first alternative, but he feels that the Iron Curtain might melt quicker before a flow of Western goods than a flow of invective.

Modern man, says Russell, is his own worst enemy because he is riddled with fears. The Russell solution is, in effect, the Bible's: "Love casteth out fear..." But in his comfortable belief that reason is the sure path to virtue and happiness, Russell seems to end up in the shallow company of those who, in T. S. Eliot's words:

... constantly try to escape
From the darkness outside and
within
By dreaming of systems so perfect
that no one will need to
be good.

Buffalo Bill's Mentor

THE GREAT RASCAL (353 pp.)
—Joy Monaghan—Little, Brown
(\$4.50).

Chief Tall Bull crashed to the ground, shot dead as a doornail by Major Frank North of the Pawnee scouts. Little did the poor Indian know that in biting the dust he was launching a literary fad, and that it would change the lives of half the boys in the civilized world. For hot on the heels of North's bullet rode Ned Buntline, the famed dime novelist, all agog to plump Tall Bull's slayer into one of his thrillers. North, a simple soldier, refused to be blown up into a "paperback hero." "If you want a man to fill that bill," he told Buntline, "he's over there." He meant the "young giant with sleepy eyes and straw in his hair" who was soon to set the nation ablaze as "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

Shortly stalled in Ned Buntline's Wild West show, Bill Cody became a promoter's dream. Unlike his roughhewn pal, "Wild Bill" Hickock, Cody never "spat the liquid on the stage" in whisky-drinking acts, never barked, "Any damn fool would know that was cold tea." He usually muffed, but never scorned such lines as: "Fear not, fair maid; by heavens, you are safe at last with Buffalo Bill, who is ever ready to risk life and die if need be



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TIME, JANUARY 21, 1952

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in the defense of weak and helpless womanhood." Then he stood blushing on the stage, "handsome as Apollo," while hundreds of fascinated men and boys rocked the house with wild applause.

Today, thousands of admirers still pay homage at the tomb of Buffalo Bill on Lookout Mountain near Denver. But not one man in a hundred thousand knows the name of the remarkable, gnome-like promoter without whom Buffalo Bill would never have existed. *The Great Rascel* is Ned Buntline's first full-dress biography, and the galloping glitter of his career more than makes up for the limping prose in which Author Monaghan describes it.

Rapid Writer. Ned Buntline wrote hundreds of western and adventure tales. He could turn out a 610-page thriller in 62



NED BUNTLINE

Temperance and purity—in moderation

hours—complete with such immortal lines as: "[Isabella] arose from the couch whereon she had been carelessly thrown . . ." He could ride and shoot like a Cody or a Hickock. When he was not dead drunk, he could spout a temperance speech that would awaken the remorse of the most sodden toper. When he was not in jail for fraud, slander, bigamy, libel or inciting to riot, he wrung women's hearts with his impassioned campaigns for purity. This was a sore point among his mistresses and his wives; he married at least six, in various cities, and sometimes had as many as three wives at once.

His real name was Edward Zane Carroll Judson. His father, Levi Judson, fifth generation of an old Connecticut family, wrote solemn essays on the nature of man, and tried his best to ground his son in the elements of decent behavior. Ned was about twelve years old when he ran away

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to sea; at 15 he was a midshipman in the Navy. At 21, he was dashing off sea stories and editing *Ned Buntline's Magazine* (a "buntline" is the rope at the bottom of a square sail). Two years later, a recent widower, he was caught in a Nashville cemetery with the wife of a local auctioneer. When the husband opened fire, Buntline shot him through the head. An angry mob attacked Ned at the court hearing, but he escaped to the top floor of a nearby hotel. Clinging for the roof, he plummeted "forty-seven feet three inches (measured)," to the ground. Though the scars and broken bones that resulted crippled him for life, they also became a good investment. Some of his "wounds," he later told Bill Cody, had been suffered when he swam the Blackwater River under fire in the Civil War, others dated from his storming of the Halls of Montezuma and from the Seminole War.

Hasty Heart. For years Buntline was a bigamist, kept one wife in New York City, the other in Westchester, N.Y. What with dashing from one wife to the other, delivering lectures and churning out dime novels, he had little time for his favorite refuge—an Indian tent on the outskirts of Stamford, N.Y., where he wrote a tract titled "Woman as Angel and Fiend." He was also, he claimed, founder of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, vice president of the Patriotic and Benevolent Order of the Sons of America, and a pillar of the Order of Good Templars. When he relaxed his temperance so far as to be unable to churn out the next installment of a popular serial, "ghosts" carried on until his head was clear again. On one such occasion, he awoke to find that a ghost had maliciously killed off his hero in the middle of the serial. Buntline blandly carried on—using the dead hero in spirit form.

Dime novels eventually brought Buntline an income of \$20,000 a year, but much of it was squandered on spears or paid out as hush money to one of his earlier wives. By 1880, he had settled down (with wife No. 6) on his Stamford estate, where he was known as Colonel E.Z.C. Judson, former "Chief of Scouts in the Rebellion of 1861-5," and a respectable literary gentleman. "I might have paved for myself a far different career in letters," the colonel liked to say, "but my early lot was cast among rough men on the border . . ." He died in 1886, and Stamford gave him one of the finest funerals in local history.

Southern Without Gothic

CLARA (286 pp.)—Lonnie Coleman—Dutton (\$3).

Sitting on the front porch that bright October morning, Lillian Sayre wondered for the hundredth time who little Petie's daddy might be. Big, black Clara, Petie's unmarried mother and the Sayres' woman of all work, was raking leaves; her brown-skinned youngster was cleaning the bird bath. Then the truth hit Lillian like a cosmic shock: Petie's father was Lillian's

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own husband, Carl. Clara did not even try to deny it. Neither, later, did Carl Sayre. But though Lilian kicked Clara out that very day and burned down the backyard shack she slept in, she soon took her and Petie back. It was not only that Clara was a fine servant; over the years she had become a necessary complement to the warped lives of the Sayres.

In *Clara*, Southern Novelist Lonnie Coleman has handled a potentially messy theme with uncommon dignity. His story, in other hands, might have become a staring-eyed study of miscegenation. Author Coleman uses it to show that the color line in the South can sometimes follow a route as uncertain as the wanderings of human emotion.

To the people of Bloomingdale, Ala., Lilian Sayre must have seemed a lucky girl. Conventionally pretty and completely ordinary, she had come from a farm



Lonnie Coleman

Fred Stein

The color line can be uncertain.

village in the middle of the state and married handsome Carl Sayre. He was only a grocer, to be sure, but by Bloomingdale standards he was well-to-do and a good catch. Their failure in marriage began on the wedding night, when Carl got raving drunk. Lilian had neither the intelligence nor the maturity to try to understand Carl, a decent enough fellow when he was not drinking. As time went on, he came to think of her as a chip off the block his cold, superior mother had been hacked from; then his benders became heroic. Big Clara, lusty and human, was all the things the two women in his life had denied him. Whenever he sneaked into her shack in the backyard, he was hitting back at both his wife and mother.

Before *Clara* ends, Carl Sayre dies from his debauches and Petie, suspected of killing a white man, is shot from ambush. But by that time, Lilian Sayre has grown up enough to know why Carl behaved as he did, and how much she had to do with

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TIME, JANUARY 21, 1952

it. She has also crossed the color line, bearing a full quota of sympathy for Clara. Author Coleman has told his story with a simplicity that only occasionally slips into naïveté. Clara is no major work of fiction, but it is an honest book on a ticklish subject, and it has the virtue of being about ordinary people, well understood.

Rich Hoard

THE BEST OF THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1915-1950 (369 pp.)—Edited by Martha Foley—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.75).

Of all literary forms in U.S. writing, the short story has thrived most. Since 1915, when Edward O'Brien started his yearbook of *The Best American Short Stories*, more than 50,000 have appeared in books and magazines; how many remain unpublished, few would dare (or care) to guess.

Martha Foley, who took over O'Brien's job in 1941, has combed 35 annual anthologies and selected from them the 25 "best best" stories. The result, though highly readable, has some notable gaps. Because Editor Foley chose to abide by the judgments of earlier years, she had to pass up such masterpieces as Sherwood Anderson's *Triumph of the Egg* and Conrad Aiken's *Silent Snow, Secret Snow*, which somehow never made the yearly collections. Some master storytellers, among them Willa Cather, Katherine Anne Porter and John O'Hara, do not appear, while William Faulkner is represented by a mediocre sketch.

Still, *The Best of the Best* is a rich hoard of U.S. writing. Perhaps the one great story is Ring Lardner's *Haircut*, a caustic glimpse of small-town brutality; it gets better with each rereading. Close runners-up are Ernest Hemingway's *My Old Man*, a poignant report of a boy's affection for his father, a crooked jockey, and Wilbur Daniel Steele's *How Beautiful with Shoes*, an eerie description of a meeting between an imaginative lunatic and an inarticulate farm girl. Most notable contribution from the younger generation is *Prince of Darkness*, in which a slothful priest is sketched and skewered by Catholic Writer J. F. Powers, 34.

There are no toughie writers in Martha Foley's *Best of the Best*, and only a few of *The New Yorker* school, e.g., Kay Boyle, Irwin Shaw, in civilized coughs of irony. The bulk of the book consists of honest, strongly felt stories by authors who have profited from the example of such pioneers as Anderson and Hemingway, but have had enough intelligence and drive to cut their own paths. Stories by Nelson Algren, Erskine Caldwell, Paul Horgan, Albert Maltz, Jean Stafford and Wallace Stegner deal with such basic human situations as the feelings of parents as they take a dead baby to the cemetery, the comic tangle of a farm hand who gets into trouble while courting, the pain of a girl recuperating from an accident. These writers offer hope that the short story in the U.S. still has a lively future.



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MISCELLANY

Wrong Buss. In Cairo, bidding farewell to his sweetheart, Moustafa Ibrahim, 16, kissed the pane of her train window, was fined \$14 by a Moslem court for committing an "indecent public act."

Talent Scout. In Chicago, Lawrence I. Lovell, 35, sued his ex-fiancee, Mrs. Rose Cichon Potocki, 28, for \$2,500, to cover expenses of his courtship and reimbursement for some of the time devoted to her "which could have been used seeking wife material."

Shock Treatment. In Bellingham, Wash., for the walls of the jail's cell for drunks, Police Chief George Houde ordered appropriate decoration: pink elephants and green snakes.

Anger in the Pantry. In Pinckneyville, Ill., after finding only 30¢ in a café's cash register, a burglar 1) smashed ten dozen eggs, 2) poured vanilla extract in the chile, 3) plastered hamburger against the windows, 4) dumped a sack of sugar into the silverware.

Bequests to Charity. In Los Angeles, Gordon C. Van Ess, a laborer, left a will bequeathing: 1) his estate to his mother, 2) his body to the nearest medical college, 3) his love to all the girls, 4) his brain to Harry Truman.

Semifinal Round. In Gaffney, S.C., a soldier home on furlough filed applications with Probate Judge W. R. Douglas to marry four girls, said he would make the crucial choice later.

Collector's Item. In New Britain, Conn., the Stanley Works, a hardware firm, filled an order from a Wisconsin motorist: a pair of door hinges for a 1905 Oldsmobile.

Unknown Quality. In Milwaukee, when asked how she liked U.S. men, the wife of French Boxer Robert Villenain murmured: "I do not know. I am married."

Wrong Number. In Idaho Falls, Idaho, Sailor Dewayne Sharpan selected from the telephone book a name to sign to a bogus check, was later told by police that he had picked the county's prosecuting attorney.

Marked Men. In Shelbyville, Ind., after the police force took a competitive exam, Patrolman Lloyd Mellis was promoted to chief, the ex-chief started pounding a beat.

School of Experience. In Denver, Waitress Evelyn Marshall, yielding to "a sudden impulse," dived out her fifth-floor window, buckled a tin ventilator shaft on the second floor, bounced off a car top into a parking lot, suffered only a broken tooth and a stomach ache. Soberly she told physicians: "This has taught me a lesson. I'll never jump through the window again."



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